Mr Halsley

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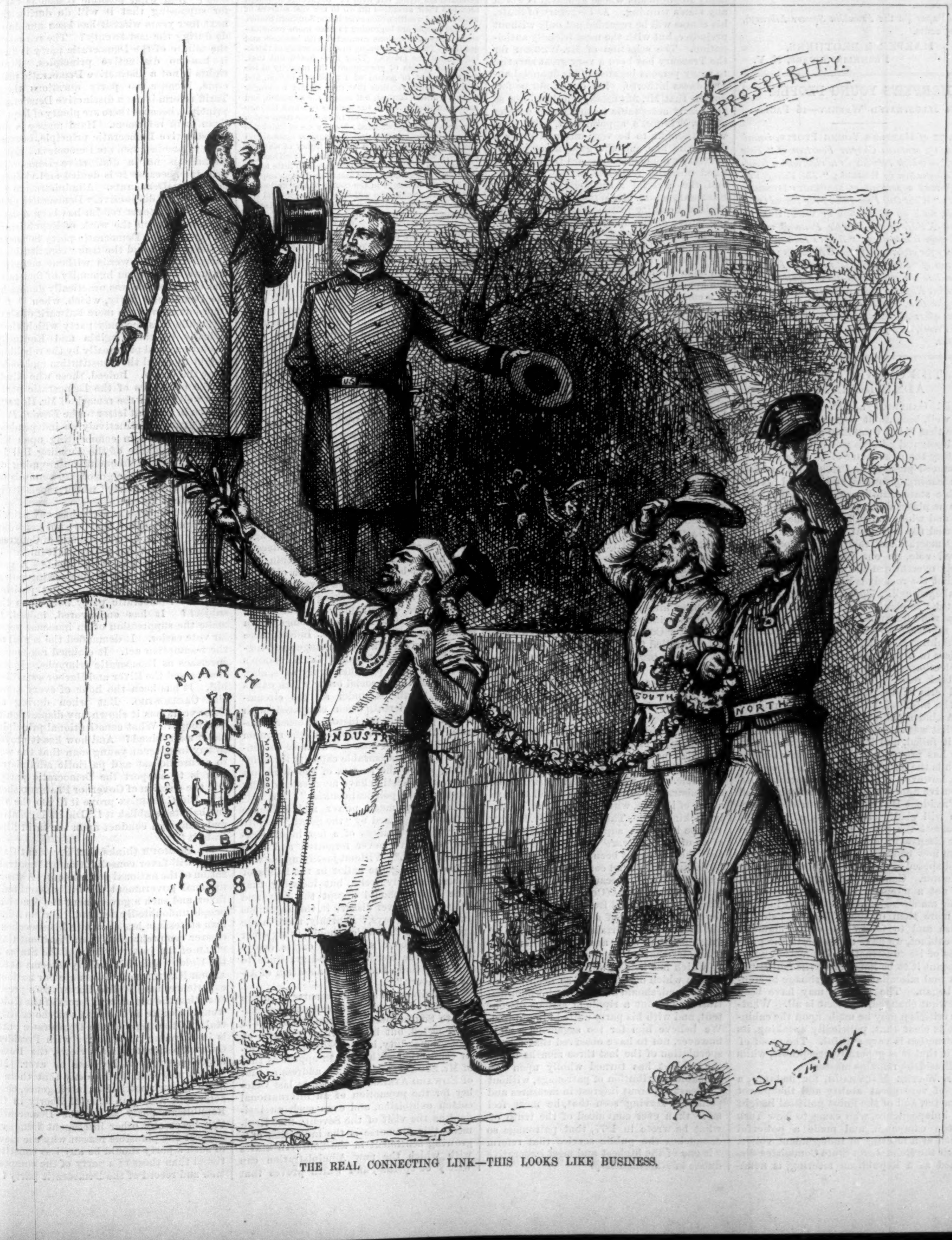
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THE REAL CONNECTING LINK—THIS LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 26, 1881.

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Being the American publishers of works by Thomas Carlyle, *and having arranged, in* 1879, *through* Mr. Moncure D. Conway, *with* Mr. Carlyle *himself, for the American publication of his* Reminiscences, *and* Mr. Froude *having used his position as editor to furnish the advance sheets to his own publishers in this country, instead of to us, we have—notwithstanding* Mr. Froude's *disregard of our arrangement with* Mr. Carlyle—*in pursuance of that arrangement, and of our claim by trade-courtesy, issued the work* (*which is* Mr. Carlyle's, *and not* Mr. Froude's) *at the following prices:*

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No. 72 *of* Harper's Young People, *issued March* 15, *contains Chapter Fourteen of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby learns to ride, with a front-page illustration by* Rogers; *"The Young Violinist," with a portrait of* Mauricio Dengremont; *"What One Poor Little Frog Found Out," a fable, with an illustration by* W. F. Brard; *"Louis XVII. in the Temple Prison," with a double-page illustration; "Beata's Locket," a capital story for girls, by* Lillias Davidson; *Chapter Seven of "Phil's Fairies," in which Phil bids farewell to the city, illustrated; a full page of "Pinafore Rhymes," with six illustrations; a full Post-office Box, containing interesting letters, numerous offers of exchange, and a number of puzzles; Poems, String Tricks, Comics, and other attractions.*

THE OPENING OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Garfield administration begins well, because it begins with the evidence that it is a Garfield administration. The inaugural address was much more satisfactory than the letter of acceptance. It announced plainly the President's position upon leading questions, and showed his admirable statesman-like spirit. Equal suffrage he places first as the paramount question, and while no one has ever more plainly stated the argument upon which Southern Democrats rest their suppression of the colored vote, no one has ever more completely overthrown the argument by showing that the remedy is infinitely worse than the alleged evil. Upon the financial question the President's views were well known, and so were his opinions upon reform in the civil service. We differ from those opinions in thinking that the remedy for the evils lies less in a fixed term than in the method of selection. If the front door is guarded, the back door will take care of itself. A fixed term might, possibly, somewhat palliate the mischief, but it would not remove it. A kind of palliaton was tried in England by what was called preliminary nomination, but it failed, and it was agreed, as experience has proved, that free and fair competition is the only way. What the President says, however, is entirely compatible with executive approval of the methods initiated by President Hayes, and the friends of reform will gladly support any effort of his to correct the evil. The cabinet has been fully discussed, and the general estimate of it can now be seen. It has at least effectually disposed of the twaddle about the treaty of Mentor. General Garfield is President, and not a puppet. He is an experienced public man, who shows his sagacity in nothing more than in the ability to listen to advice and to follow his own judgment. The cabinet, we have no doubt, in the principles of its construction, is precisely what he meant it to be long before the multitudinous and miscellaneous pilgrimage to Mentor began. The persons may have been somewhat changed, but that is all. Whatever criticism may be made upon the cabinet, it is clear that, politically speaking, its construction is very skillful. The proof of this is that it is generally acceptable, while the President remains master.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, for instance, a man of very great ability and the purest character, and of the finest political insight and independence, who came to New York in the campaign, and made a powerful speech at a meeting of independent voters, which the Republican State Committee disowned as a Republican meeting, is nominated for Attorney-General, and Mr. Don Cameron moves that the nomination be unanimously confirmed. Of course Mr. Cameron does not like the selection, but Mr. MacVeagh is just as strong and earnest a Republican as Mr. Cameron; and this is a time in which a Republican administration can not lose the support of the Republicans with whom Mr. MacVeagh is associated. This the President knows, whether Mr. Cameron perceives it or not. Politically, it would have been very foolish to take a Cameron man from Pennsylvania when the anti-Cameron men had just made so powerful and successful a protest against the Cameron dictation. The selection of Mr. Blaine for the State Department shows that the President means "to have a party behind him." Mr. Blaine is an alert, brilliant, versatile public man, with a larger personal following than any other Republican leader, although, unquestionably, certain events in his career have alienated the sympathy of many Republicans whose approval is worth any man's winning. As Secretary of State, his course will be regarded not only without prejudice, but with the most friendly anticipation. The selection of Mr. Windom for the Treasury has been a very great surprise to many persons because of his financial unsoundness hitherto. But it will not be forgotten that Mr. Sherman, who has been so peculiarly acceptable to those who wonder at Mr. Windom's appointment, held what were thought to be very unsound views a few years ago, and the guarantees of Mr. Windom's financial course are the clear and fixed financial rectitude of the President, and the especial recommendation of Mr. Sherman, while Mr. Windom's frank and decided hostility to the vast and threatening power of monopoly engages for the administration the favor of a very large and important public opinion. It allays, also, any Western disposition to jealousy of Eastern financial leadership, and, upon the whole, the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury is considered to be politically very shrewd. For those who have agreed with us that the administration of the Interior Department by Mr. Schurz has been as upright and admirable and efficient as any administration in the history of the department, it is the highest praise of Mr. Kirkwood's appointment that it is said to be heartily approved by Mr. Schurz. Mr. Lincoln is unknown in public life, but the son of Abraham Lincoln may be sure of the disposition of his countrymen to rejoice in his successful conduct of the War Department. Judge Hunt is also unknown to the country at large, but he is a Southern-born Republican, and a worthy representative of the Republican party to those who would look upon any Southern Democrat taking office under a Republican administration as a renegade. Mr. James goes to the Post-office Department with the gratifying and unusual consciousness that he has been designated for it by the approval of both parties. His conduct of the Post-office in New York proves that he will conduct the department, which has been hitherto that of patronage, upon business principles. Mr. James is a friend of Senator Conkling; but the Senator has not controlled the New York Post-office, and he will not control the national Post-office Department. The Postmaster-General is not likely to sacrifice the honorable reputation that he has acquired in the public service to the gratification of any man's personal purposes.

The administration begins, therefore, with an admirable manifesto, and with a cabinet to which no part of the party openly objects. Trouble will undoubtedly appear in due time. But we shall be surprised if the administration should not be found to have a way of its own, with great power of politely sticking to it. The friends of Mr. Blaine will be its warm supporters. The friends of no other "stalwart" leader can complain that they have not been "recognized." Republicans who do not consider that they are more Republican because they call themselves stalwart—as O'Connell said, "Why, *Young* Ireland? Ould Ireland is good enough for me?"—are sure of a persuasive voice in Mr. MacVeagh. Certainly it is evidence of great political skill and of great force of character that a President elected by a party which has held power for twenty years, and in which divisions are so deep and so determined, should have begun his administration without a ripple of serious discontent, and with his party united around him. We believe him far too sagacious a man, however, not to have observed that all the speculation of the last three months about the cabinet has turned wholly upon the probable distribution of patronage, without the least apparent interest in measures and policies. Having seen that, he must feel more than ever convinced of the truth of what he wrote in 1877, that patronage so debauches the public service that reform "is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship."

A NEW "SOUTH."

The pleasant reception of the New York Seventy-first Regiment in New Orleans, and the incidents recorded by the reporters, are signs of that awakening of a new South which every good citizen is glad to observe. Among these signs is the recent article of the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, in the *Southern Planter and Farmer*. It is an appeal to the young men of Virginia, and these are among the sensible remarks of Mr. Stuart:

> "The overthrow of slavery has destroyed the foundation on which the old system rested, and the time has come when we must conform our methods of instruction and our pursuits in life to the changed condition of our social and industrial organization. What Virginia now needs is not closet men, learned scholars, or brilliant orators, but 'men of affairs'—earnest, practical business men, men competent to deal with and push forward the material interests of the State—such as skilled engineers, geologists, mineralogists, miners, machinists, and mechanics. Slavery is dead, and many of the sectional jealousies and prejudices which it engendered are dying out with it. Sagacious Northern men had their attention drawn to the vast sources of undeveloped wealth which exist in the Southern States. ....Our people are beginning to take more common-sense views of questions connected with business and politics. They are beginning to see the policy of 'kicking against the pricks.' They have found out that, under our system of government, the majority of the States are not in accord with those of Virginia, and that true policy requires that they should no longer wage a fruitless contest, but accept the situation, and secure for themselves all the benefits to which they are justly entitled.... There are but two sources from which danger is to be apprehended: first, habits of indolence and self-indulgence, and prejudice against manual and mechanical labor, which is the last legacy of slavery; second, a mistaken system of education, which has given too much attention to the ideal, and too little to the practical. A determined and manly spirit can vanquish the first, and a change in the course of instruction, by which more prominence will be given to physical science and mechanics and the construction and uses of machinery, will overcome the last."

In the same spirit the Rev. Dr. Haygood, president of Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia, preached a sermon in that place on the last Thanksgiving-day, a copy of which was requested for publication by a unanimous vote of the congregation. One such discourse preached in the heart of Georgia, and published by request of the hearers, is a most striking illustration of the fundamental idea of the sermon, that "the South," and therefore the country, has especial cause for gratitude in the actual situation. Dr. Haygood does full justice to the bravery and fidelity of "the South" in the great contest, but he contrasts the Southern situation of 1860 and 1865 with that of 1880, and rebukes the croakers. The cotton crop of 1880 is 6,000,000 bales, that of 1879 was 5,000,000. There was never so much made under the old system, and there are more people at work in "the South" to-day than ever before. The great mass of the Southerners not only make more than before the war, but they make a better use of it. There is, he says, ten times the comfort that there was twenty years ago. The roads are better. Thousands of decent farm-houses have been built within ten years. New barns are better than old residences. "Good mattresses have driven out old-time feathers." Cooking-stoves, sewing-machines, carpets, pianos, pictures, lead in a train of minor luxuries to homes which formerly lacked conveniences. Indeed, there is no more vivid glimpse of change and progress than that furnished by Dr. Haygood's discourse. The preacher truly says, also, that the civil and social order which exists in "the South" is, under all the circumstances, wonderful, when compared with similar periods in the history of other countries. Dr. Haygood rejoices in the reunion of the States, and does not hesitate to condemn "the immeasurable capacity for blundering which the leaders of the dominant party in our section have manifested during these years of political conflict." But notwithstanding much power and influence have been regained by "the South," despite the "wild utterances of a few impracticables who have never forgotten and have never learned." Without justifying the wisdom of placing the ballot in the hands of slaves suddenly freed, but insisting that "the South" should accept the fact, and "the North" never disturb it, this sagacious public teacher says, "Fourthly, there is one great historic fact which should, in my sober judgment, above all things excite everywhere in the South profound gratitude to Almighty God; I mean the abolition of African slavery."

The delivery of such a discourse as this in the State of Georgia, by a Southerner speaking to Southerners, not upon the stump to be reported, but in the ordinary course of professional duty, is a very significant event. In connection with such an appeal as that of Mr. Stuart, and such an address as that of Edward Atkinson in Atlanta last October for the promotion of an international cotton exhibition, and even such an incident as the visit of the Seventy-first Regiment, this discourse is the indication of a growing sentiment in the Southern States with which the new Administration can wisely co-operate, and which proves that the denunciatory generalizations about "the South" are becoming unjust and unpardonable. The moment that the sentiments of D. Haygood's discourse take form in public action, "the South" will disappear as a factor from politics, like the North and the West.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

Ex-Governor Seymour is of the cheerful opinion that the prospects of the Democratic party are exceedingly brilliant, if only it will heal its feuds, fall back upon its principles, and attract the sympathy and support of young men. The Democratic party will have been out of power for a quarter of a century at the close of President Garfield's administration. It has tried every device and dodge and trick and threat to get back again, and has failed. During all these years, why has it not healed its feuds, and fallen back upon its principles, and attracted the support of young men? And what possible reason is there for supposing that it will do during the next four years what it has been unable to do during the last twenty? The reason of the failure of the Democratic party is that it has no distinctive principles. State rights is not a distinctive Democratic principle, because no party questions them. Tariff reform is not a distinctive Democratic principle, because there are plenty of Republican tariff reformers. Hard money is not a distinctive Democratic principle, because most rag-money men are Democrats. Equal suffrage is not a distinctive Democratic principle, because it is denied and violated chiefly by Democrats. Administrative reform is not a distinctively Democratic principle, for whatever reform has been accomplished has been the work of Republicans. To say that the Democratic party is "nearer the people," and the true "constitutional party," is to use words without meaning, because the common humanity of four millions of the people was practically denied by the Democratic party, which, when it fell from power, was the mere bulwark of slavery, while it is the only party which theoretically by the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and practically by the rebellion, sought to annul the Constitution and to destroy the Union. Indeed, those who allude to the principles of the Democratic party may well ponder the remark of Mr. Horace White in a recent letter to the *Evening Post*. Mr. White is distinctively an independent Republican, and in commenting upon the compulsory clause of the Funding Bill he said, "It is the frequent outcropping of such rascality in the governing counsels of the Democratic party" which repels truly independent voters.

If the Democratic party has any principles of public policy, they are not generally known. It has been in control of Congress for two years. What policy has it initiated? What measures has it proposed? A vast and threatening peril is the growing power of corporate monopolies. What position does the Democratic party hold upon the subject? It has endeavored, indeed, to make the suppression of an immense popular vote easier. It demanded the repeal of the resumption act. It claimed rag-money successes as Democratic triumphs. It has just passed the River and Harbor swindling bill. It has been the hope of every financial Cagliostro. But when during all these years has it shown any disposition to heal feuds? What constitutional principles has it maintained? And how has it proved to any intelligent young man that the way to secure honest and patriotic administration is to support the Democratic party? Did the election of Governor Plaisted show it? Did Garcelon prove it? Do the tissue ballots establish it? Did its legislative and campaign conduct upon the tariff illustrate it?

Mr. Seymour thinks that President Garfield will favor consolidation and centralization of the national government. A strong national government he will undoubtedly favor, and such a government the American people undoubtedly demand. But no American statesman has shown in his speeches a clearer comprehension than President Garfield of the just relations of the States to the Union; and if he highly esteems Alexander Hamilton, it is because our national experience has justified Hamilton's prescience that the centrifugal forces of the Union would be quite as dangerous as the centripetal. If the hope of the Democratic party is in alarming the country with President Garfield's centralizing views, the Democratic party is as hopeless as ever. Mr. Seymour would hardly deny that there is quite as much patriotism, intelligence, character, and American love of liberty in the Republican party as in the Democratic. Can he or any other intelligent Democrat suggest one plausible reason why the views of such a party should be any less constitutional than those of a party of the composition and record of the Democratic party?

A LEGAL OUTRAGE.

One of the greatest wrongs in legal procedure in this country is the imprisonment of witnesses to secure their presence at trials. A criminal may give bail and go at large, but the innocent witness is treated like a convicted felon. We find in the *City Record* a report of the sergeant in charge at the House of Detention, dated on the 1st of January, containing a list of citizens maltreated in this way; and as if to make the statement as injurious as possible, the list is made out as if the witness were charged with crime. Thus the first entry is of the witness's name in one column, and against it, on the same line in the next column, under the general head of "offense charged," is "forgery," so that it reads that A B is charged with forgery.

The witnesses are imprisoned for various terms. The first one in the list, who appears to have been charged with forgery, was detained for nine months; the next in order, for six months; and so on, for terms varying from two months to two days. In the month of October there were forty-four such committals for imprisonment, in November forty. It is a most serious outrage, yet wholly useless, and an abuse which the Law Association may well take in hand.

There is nothing in our criminal procedure which more amazes intelligent foreigners. The late Recorder Hill, of Birmingham, expressed himself very pointedly upon the subject, and no magistrate had larger experience in dealing with criminals. In England, witnesses are simply bound over in their own recognizances, except that married women and children must have the recognizance of other persons. Failure to appear is almost unknown. Instances, indeed, are known—but we believe there is only one in thirty years, and that in a notorious case of murder—where witnesses have been imprisoned, and then it was because it was evident that their recognizance would be broken. Our practice is such a perversion and denial of justice that the statement of the wrong should be the most powerful argument for its prompt correction.

MR. JAMES'S SUCCESSOR.

One of the important offices vacated by the formation of the cabinet is the Postmastership in New York, the most important position of the kind in the country. Mr. James's conduct of the office was so efficient that it gave him a national reputation, which is an unprecedented fact in the management of any such office. The secret of his success was resolute rejection of the "spoils" and patronage system, and management of public business upon business principles. Mr. James's own official experience taught him that competition was the only effectual way to escape the pest of patronage, and he prepared rules for appointments which, honestly enforced, would baffle the most pertinacious boss or bummer.

In the excellent and successful administration of the office Mr. James was most ably seconded by Mr. Pearson, the Assistant Postmaster, who is a thorough master of the improved postal methods in every country. Summer before last, Mr. Pearson made a visit of official study to England, and his own improvements in the details of postal service in this country are of great value. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is no man in the country so admirably qualified to succeed Mr. James as Mr. Pearson; and the same considerations of fitness, which were universally recognized, for calling Mr. James to the head of the postal department, designated Mr. Pearson for the New York office.

The fact that Mr. Pearson is the son-in-law of Mr. James naturally made the Postmaster-General hesitate to make the appointment. But it was not because of that relationship—which did not then exist—but of his proved ability in other positions in the service, that Mr. Pearson was made Assistant Postmaster, and he has won his spurs wholly independently. Besides, the demand for the appointment of Mr. Pearson proceeded from the public, which knew nothing of kinship, but which did know that whoever might be appointed would find the aid of Mr. Pearson to be indispensable. The moral effect of Mr. Pearson's promotion upon the great body of those in the public service will be most admirable, for it will be accepted as evidence that devoted, efficient, and honorable conduct in the business offices of the government will be recognized by this Administration as deserving the natural reward of promotion.

THE EX-VICE-PRESIDENT.

A public man of what is called the old-fashioned kind retires in Mr. Wheeler, the late Vice-President. He is a plain, substantial, incorruptible man, of the simplest habits and life, who has an unusually wide experience of public life and great political knowledge, and whose character and impression are distinctively American and Republican. He has a natural dignity, which, with his great parliamentary knowledge, makes him one of the most admirable of presiding officers, and although a man of unfailing urbanity, he has yet the firmness to enforce the proper authority of such an officer.

This was signally shown upon one occasion in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, of which Mr. Wheeler was president. A certain member at an after-dinner session was annoyingly loquacious, and interrupted members who had the floor in the most disorderly way. But he was not in a condition to be removed by the sergeant-at-arms, and he had a kind of cunning tact in apparently yielding to the chair, and then renewing his interruptions. In vain the president rapped for order, and murmurs arose from the floor. "The gentleman is out of order," cried the chair, sternly. But the annoyance recurred. A thundering rap followed, and the declaration, "If the gentleman does not keep order, the chair will be obliged to call him by name." A pause, a few moments of peace, and the trouble began again. Instantly Mr. Wheeler arose, brought down his gavel, and said, severely and authoritatively, "Mr. ——, take your seat!" The delinquent dropped as if he had been shot, and was heard no more.

The only complaint that his friends have ever made of Mr. Wheeler is that his generous nature forbids him, politically, to fight. Had he been willing to lead in the State Convention of 1879, it would have had a different result. Without his leadership, however, a successful fight was impossible, and it was not attempted. But Mr. Wheeler's decision was deliberate and conclusive. The Vice-President is but the chairman of the Senate, and that position Mr. Wheeler has filled with a modest dignity and thorough parliamentary knowledge which rank him with the most efficient of his predecessors. New York counts among her conspicuous sons no worthier public man, nor one whose long career is more free from all that belittles and discredits public life. Like his associate, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Wheeler retires with the cordial respect of the great multitude of his fellow-citizens.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT GRANT.

The Saratoga Monument Association have received a grant of $30,000 from Congress, and the Bennington Association a grant of $40,000. Senator Morrill's bill, providing generally that for every dollar raised by local effort for such patriotic purposes, Congress should grant another, until the sum of $50,000 should be reached, failed to become a law, not because of any opposition, but apparently because of the pressure of the separate Saratoga bill. The same result, however, so far as we see, would have been gained for Saratoga had the general bill become a law. Indeed, as we learn of no opposition to the Saratoga appropriation, which would have been part of the general bill, a disagreeable condition would have been avoided, which the separate Saratoga bill imposes.

As we now understand, the bill, as passed, provides that the monument shall be built after a particular design. Such a provision is not a proper part of such a bill, and is essentially mischievous. The Saratoga Memorial should be a work of art not only worthy of the State, of the site, and of the event, but also it should be an illustration of the noblest works of the kind. A thing like the Worth Monument in Madison Square, in New York, is simply a disgrace to the city. It should be inscribed in large letters "Job."

Congress, willing to grant the money, certainly did not care that any particular design should be adopted, and it would be interesting to know why that provision was introduced, or why it was not stricken out. We believe that the design is not especially desired by the Saratoga Monument Association, and before the $40,000 now at the command of the Association is expended for a design which it does not approve—or which it ought not to approve—some effort should be made to induce Congress to recede from a condition for which it cares nothing whatever, but which threatens to encumber a historic site with an artistically unworthy memorial. The work should not be begun until this effort has been made.

THE BOER WAR.

The Boer war in South Africa has raised in England the question of the right of the British Empire to the larger part of its possessions. The argument that England ought not to acquire provinces in Africa by force logically ends in requiring England to surrender Wales, to say nothing of India and the American possessions. But, as the *Spectator* observes, the argument does not justify the Boers, for the Transvaal certainly does not belong to them. They occupied it, when they withdrew from Natal, by pushing aside the weaker natives. If the argument of original occupation is to prevail, Africa belongs to the black races, and America to the red.

Waiving that question, however, it is urged by liberal Englishmen who justify the present campaign that even if the Boers are rightful masters of the Transvaal, they invited the British to settle the dispute between them by the sword, then invaded British territory, and have defeated British troops.

The fact is that both the Dutch, the progenitors of the Boers, and the British, are invaders and conquerors in South Africa. But, even according to Sir Bartle Frere, there was no general popular assent to the transfer of the Transvaal to British control, and the argument that there was a threatening state of anarchy in England's nearest neighbor in South Africa is an argument for the annexation of the entire African continent. No advantage to "British interests" has ever been shown to be derived from the annexation, and the war has really no moral support in England. It is one of Lord Beaconsfield's wretched legacies to his successors, and it is to be hoped that Sir Frederick Roberts takes out satisfactory terms of peace.

HONORS TO MR. SCHURZ.

The list of names signed to the invitation to Mr. Schurz to a dinner in Boston in recognition of "the eminent ability, the marked fidelity, and the approved success" of his administration of the Interior Department, is one of the most complimentary and gratifying ever appended to such a call. It includes the most distinguished citizens in every pursuit, and is as splendid a testimonial of honor, in its kind, as any public man could receive.

There is, however, one other letter, signed by one name only, which is hardly less impressive. If there be one man in the country who is in the truest sense the friend of the Indians, who has lived among them, and toiled and sacrificed and endured for them, it is Bishop Whipple. The word of no other man has such real weight upon the Indian question as his, and Bishop Whipple says of Mr. Schurz:

> "It is due to him that I should say that in twenty-one years' intercourse with this Department I have never found an officer of the government more ready to examine into the wrongs done to the Indians. Whenever proof has been submitted, he has tried to redress the wrong. He has shown a courage and fidelity in the discharge of duty which called out my hearty gratitude. To him we owe the establishment of an Indian police, the employment of Indian freighters, the removal of bad white men for immorality, and many other reforms. The evils which have occurred under his administration are largely due to our defective Indian system, the traditions of the past, the neglect or mistakes of Congress, and the impossibility of one man in charge of five important bureaus watching every detail of our complicated Indian affairs. May we not hope that these censures of the Secretary show that at last the attention of the people has been called to our blunders and crimes against the red men? Is not the day at hand when this great nation will give to the Indians government, individual rights of property, and will faithfully fulfill its treaty obligations to them? If this blessed result can be secured, Secretary Schurz can cheerfully bear whatever censures have fallen upon him for the evils of our Indian policy."

MACAULAY AND MÜLLER.

One of the familiar stories illustrative of Macaulay's extraordinary memory is that of his assertion that he should be ashamed not to be able to say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward. A cap to this story occurs in the singularly interesting memoir of *Madame De Staël*, by Dr. Abel Stevens, just published by the Harpers, which vividly renews from all the authorities, some of them unpublished, the brilliant tale of that wonderful career in which the indomitable genius of a woman defied the conqueror of the world.

Among the circle of famous persons at Coppet in 1804 was the Swiss historian Müller, whose learning was "phenomenal." One day Schlegel, Benjamin Constant, and Müller fell into a discussion. Müller, says Sismondi, who was present, silenced Schlegel and Constant. They dared not open their mouths again. "The good Sismondi was quite stunned," said Bonstetten; "he has declared to me that they all seemed steeped in clownish ignorance." But Schlegel and Benjamin Constant were among the most erudite of European scholars.

Madame De Staël said that the six thousand years of the world's history known to us were all perfectly arranged in Müller's memory. He knew every village in Switzerland, the history of every noble family. One day the company demanded of him the series of the sovereign Counts of Bugey. Müller named them instantly, except that he could not recall whether one of them had been regent or had reigned by title, and he seriously reproached himself for such a failure of memory.

PERSONAL.

The library of the late Dr. E. H. Chapin is soon to be sold at auction. It contains from 15,000 to 20,000 volumes, and was believed by Dr. C. to be one of the largest private libraries in the country. Dr. Chapin was a great reader as well as a great preacher and great wit, and never denied himself a book that was likely to be useful or pleasant to him.

—Ex-Vice-President Wheeler occasionally during the last four years has been heard to say that Benjamin Franklin was one of the few men who had a just conception of the importance of the Vice-Presidential office. During the debate in the Convention called to frame the Constitution, Franklin said, regarding the title of the Vice-President, that he ought to be termed "His Superfluous Highness."

—The first of the Talleyrand MSS. will be published by Mr. Bentley, in London, in a few days. This one is entitled *Talleyrand and Louis XVIII.*, and consists of their correspondence during the Congress of Vienna, with Talleyrand's descriptions of the various persons there, including Wellington and Castlereagh.

—Speaking of Senator Edmunds and his habit of proposing amendments, the Waterbury *American* says that, not many months since, a distinguished Senator from New England, being a little annoyed by one of Senator Edmunds's proposed amendments, remarked to a brother Senator that he would bet fifty dollars, if the truth could be known, that when Senator Edmunds's mother first taught him the Lord's Prayer, he bounced up on her knees and offered an amendment to it.

—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has this from a man who was a pupil of Senator Mahone in 1848: "It has been thirty-three years since that time, and my life has not been without incident and variety. School, war, and business have each brought me in contact with many of the marked men of the country, and yet as a boy of twelve years of age I had already seen the best teacher of mathematics, the most skilled organizer, and the ablest executive officer of my life. He imparted more information in a few months at that school than any other teacher had done for those boys in all of their years of tyranny before."

—When General Joseph E. Johnston published his book on the war, some time ago, he is said to have kept back some of his materials for another work in case ex-President Davis should speak uncomplimentarily of him in the history which he now has in hand. Senator Brown, of Georgia, and a few other gentlemen of the South, are said to be loaded with little arsenals of fact ready to be popped off if the tone of Mr. Davis's work should call for such a discharge.

—Mr. Labouchere, in *Truth*, has a spicy paragraph on the late Rev. Lord John Thynne, who was one of the last of the old foundation canons, of whom there still remains one at Westminster—Archdeacon Jennings. Lord John had held his stall for fifty years, and when Dean Wilberforce was nominated to the see of Oxford, Sir Robert Peel offered him the deanery, his refusal of which seemed to excite surprise in some quarters; but by accepting it he would have sustained considerable loss of income (his stall averaging £3000 a year), and would have exchanged the easiest berth in the Church for a post of considerable responsibility. Lord John was collated early in life to the sinecure rectory of Backwell, in the diocese of Bath and Wells, from which he drew some £300 a year. He never once entered the church of this parish, except when he went there to "read himself in." He also held a vicarage in Wilts for over thirty years. Lord John Thynne possessed considerable property in Cornwall, and some years ago he inherited the extensive Cartaret estates in Bedfordshire.

—It is a fact not generally known that Carlyle was Kingsley's model for Sandy Mackaye, in *Alton Locke*.

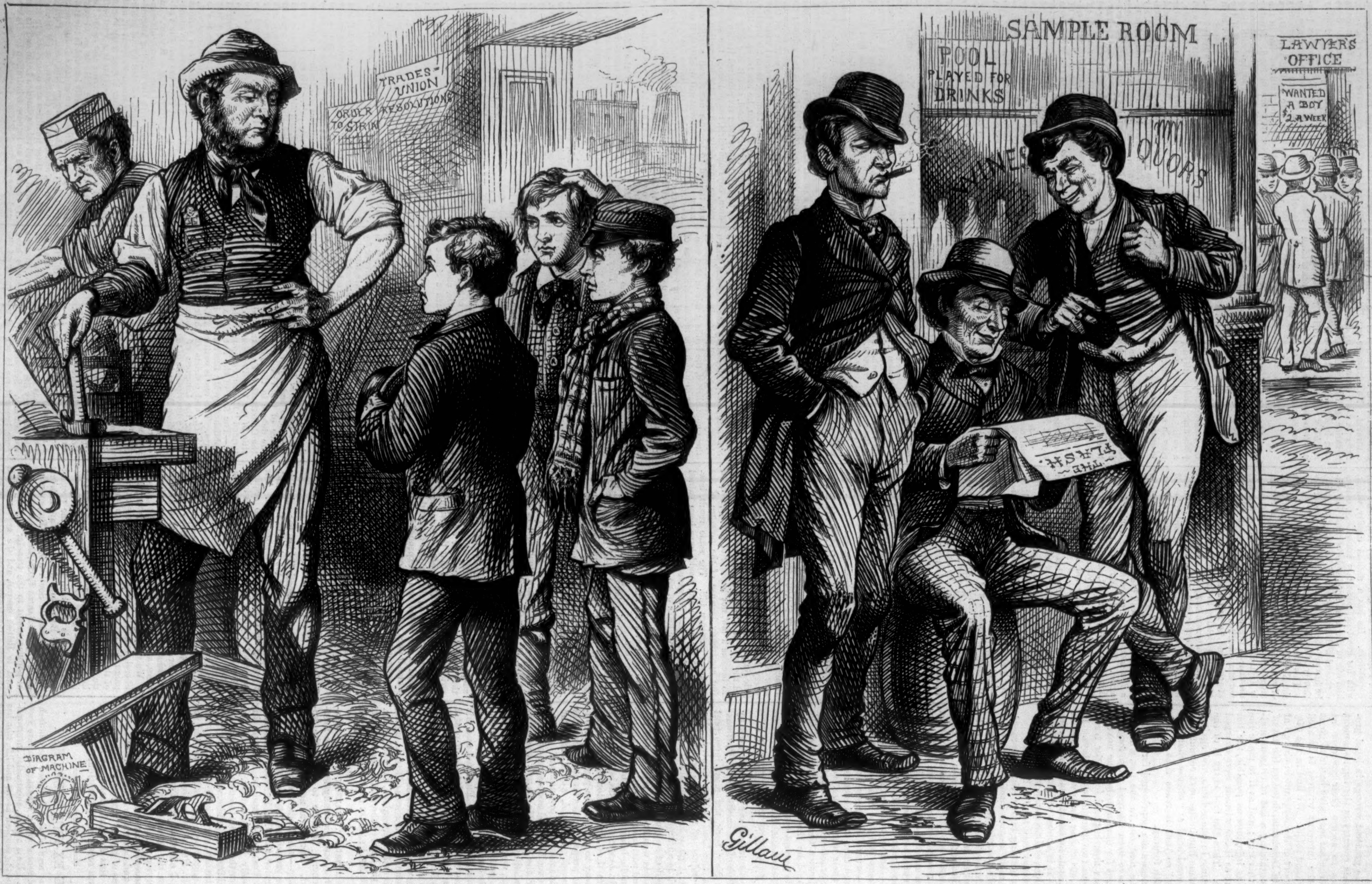
—Mr. Egisto P. Fabbri, one of the firm of Drexel, Morgan, & Co., has recently given $10,000 for the benefit of the Italian School in this city. Mr. Botta, in alluding to this fact, says that "some years ago Mr. Fabbri, feeling the need of a more suitable building for the school, bought several lots in Leonard Street, and on his own responsibility erected the structure which is now occupied by the school, and which compares favorably with the best buildings of the kind in the city. Later, the property was turned over to the Children's Aid Society, on condition that it should support the school. To this end, however, the Italian Committee has every year contributed, and in this good work Mr. Fabbri has always been foremost. He has taken great personal interest in the school; he has provided means when means were deficient, and in every way promoted the welfare of the institution. Aided in that beneficent work by a few friends, prominent among them his brother, Mr. Ernesto G. Fabbri, he has become a kind providence to the school, and it is chiefly due to him that more than six hundred Italian children, boys and girls, rescued from the streets, receive now daily and nightly instruction, and are trained to become useful and worthy citizens. His last munificent gift of $10,000 is only one more expression of his devotion to the noble object of redeeming from poverty and ignorance the children of the Italian emigration, and for this not only the Italians but the entire community owe Mr. Fabbri a debt of recognition and gratitude."

—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says that Mr. Labouchere is a man of large property. He is heavily interested in the London *News*, and his *Truth* would have paid him $25,000 profit last year if his legal expenses had not been $30,000. Notwithstanding an air of severity and considerable bitterness in his way of speaking of persons and things, he is one of the cleverest and most amiable persons alive.

—The Boston *Journal* of February 28 says: "Yesterday marked the completion of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fourth year, and found him hale in body, alert in mind, and enjoying the congratulations of his friends in the quiet of a serene and beautiful old age. It is but rarely now that he breaks his silence, but when he does, it is to utter strains which have the old tenderness, the old grace, and the old felicity of expression."

—President Garfield at his inauguration occupied the chair from which Washington arose to take the Presidential oath in 1789. This relic has been in charge of William C. H. Waddell for the past fifty years, who forwarded it to Washington at the request of the Inauguration Committee. Mr. Waddell was appointed United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York by President Jackson in 1831—fifty years ago.

—In personal appearance, Pope Leo is tall and exceedingly thin. His face resembles rather strikingly Voltaire's, as handed down in the old engravings, the Pope's expression being more amiable, though not less penetrating. His complexion is extremely pale. His movements are slow and dignified, and his manners simple and resolute. His voice, slightly nasal and weak in familiar conversation, is sonorous and brilliant in formal addresses and ceremonies, but never approaches that of Pius IX., which could be heard on Easter-Sundays from end to end of the immense square before St. Peter's Church. In his private life Pope Leo may be characterized as plain, courteous, witty, and dignified. But his humor is never expansive or profuse, as Pio Nono's was. Leo XIII. is thoughtful, reserved, disdainful of flattery, and an expert in various kinds of economy. Pius IX. was lavish in spending money; the present Pope has put the Vatican on a bread-and-water footing, as it were. In the splendid ceremonies of the Church his simple dignity contrasts with the dazzling magnificence which was so much affected by his predecessor. Pius IX. was an eloquent speaker, and the sight of a fresh listener always gave him a fresh impulse to talk; Pope Leo is a cautious and measured speaker, preferring the use of his pen to that of his tongue. He is an elegant Latin scholar, and profoundly learned in the Italian language. French he speaks indifferently well, but no other foreign language. Purity, clearness, and elevation characterize his literary style, and these qualities are observable in sundry well-turned verses, both in Latin and Italian. He cherishes an intense admiration for Dante, and knows the "Divine Comedy" almost by heart.


TRADES-UNION RESOLUTIONS
ORDER TO STRIK
DIAGRAM OF MACHINE
SAMPLE ROOM
POOL PLAYED FOR DRINKS
WINES
LIQUORS
LAWYER'S OFFICE
WANTED A BOY $2 A WEEK
THE FLASH
Gillam

ONE REASON WHY THERE ARE SO MANY IDLE YOUNG MEN.—See Article, "Young Men and Labor," Page 198.

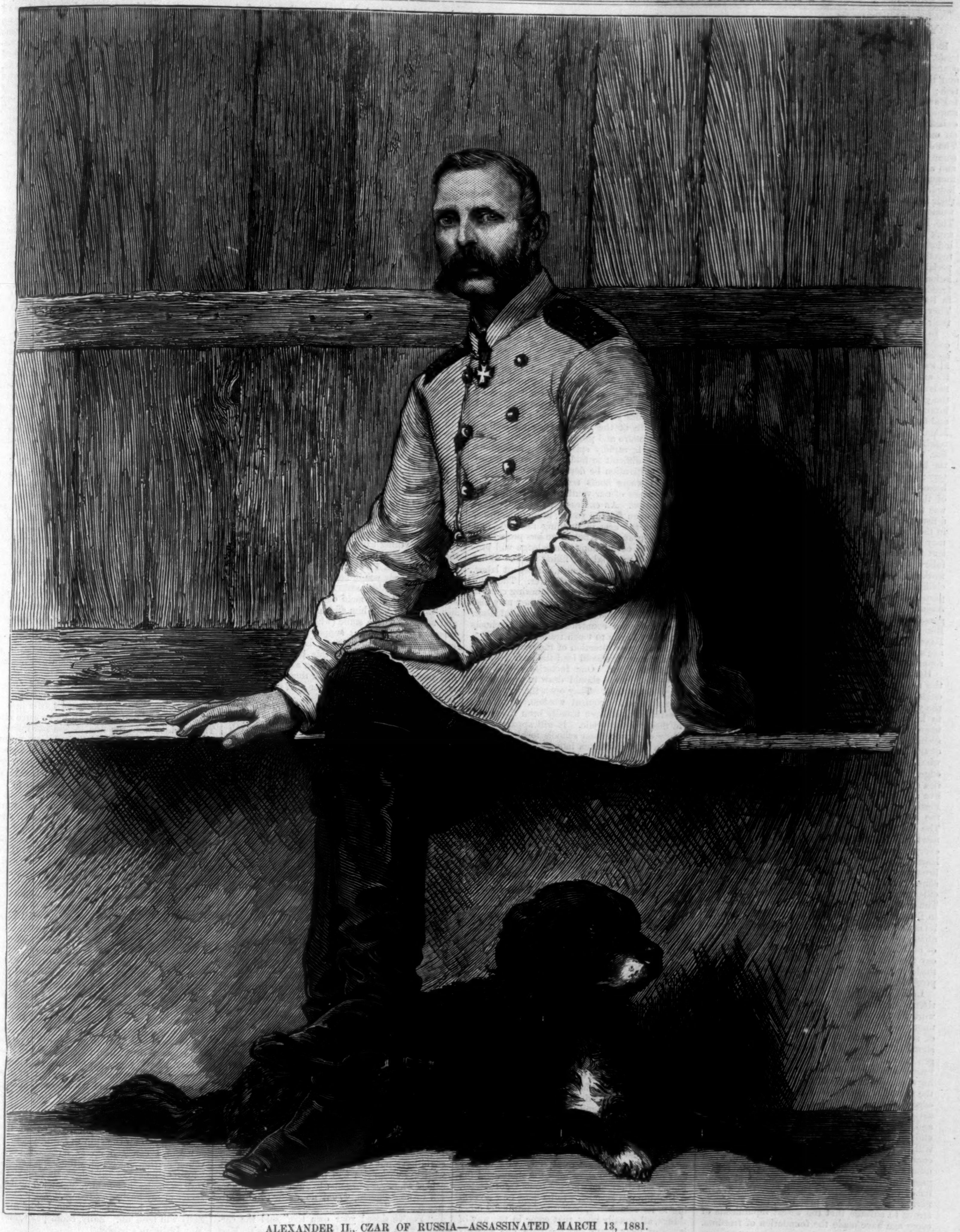
CAUSE

Skilled Workman. "Want to learn the trade, eh? No, no; we can't encourage apprentices. The 'Union' won't allow it. They would cheapen the price of labor."

AND

EFFECT.

Ignorant, intemperate, and dishonest young men. Inferior work through the enforced employment of incompetent workmen.



ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA—ASSASSINATED MARCH 13, 1881.

ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.

On Sunday afternoon, March 13, Alexander II., Czar of Russia, was assassinated in the streets of St. Petersburg as he was returning to the Winter Palace from a military review. He was in a closed carriage, attended by the Grand Duke Michael, and escorted by eight Cossacks. When near the imperial stables, a bomb was thrown under the carriage, which was shattered by the explosion, without injury to the occupants. Several of the attendants were wounded, and an officer and soldier of the escort and a passer-by were killed.

The Czar and his brother alighted, and the assassin, who had been seized, drew a revolver, and attempted to complete his work. But his weapon was struck down by a colonel of police. The Czar, whom the coachman had prayed to re-enter the carriage, walked forward a few steps to see to the wounded of his escort, when a second bomb exploded at his feet, shattering both legs below the knee, and inflicting other terrible injuries. He fell, crying for help, and was immediately placed in a sleigh and conveyed to the Winter Palace. There, surrounded by the imperial family, he lingered about an hour and a half, most of the time unconscious.

It is stated that the bombs were made of thick glass, filled with nitro-glycerine. The assassins, two in number, were disguised as peasants, and stood on opposite sides of the street. Both were arrested on the spot.

On leaving the place after the death of the Czar, the Czarowitz and Czarevna drove to their palace, amid the sympathizing cries of the people who thronged the streets. The utmost sympathy for the imperial family was everywhere expressed, and telegrams announcing the event, sent to the various governments, elicited messages of condolence from European powers and from the United States. The effect of the murder, the news of which excited horror and detestation throughout the civilized world, will probably be the imposition of fresh restrictions upon personal liberty in Russia, which will put back attempts at reform for many years.

Several attempts have been made within the past fifteen years to take the life of the Czar. On the 16th of April, 1866, a student named Karagozof fired on the Emperor. On June 6, 1867, his life was attempted by a Pole named Berezowski while the Emperor was visiting the Emperor of the French at Paris. On April 14, 1879, four shots were fired at him by a retired functionary of the Finance Department, named Skolof, as he was taking his morning walk near the Winter Palace. On December 1, 1879, an attempt was made to wreck his train while he was travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow. His train escaped, but the baggage train was blown off the track by an explosion, a tunnel having been dug under the road-bed, and filled with powder. On February 17, 1880, a mine was laid below the dining-hall in the Winter Palace, and fired about the time the Czar and his family were in the habit of dining. Fortunately they had been delayed on this occasion.

YOUNG MEN AND LABOR.

Every young man should learn some useful trade, and be able to maintain himself whatever changes fortune may bring. This was the theory and the practice of Persian and Arabic education; even princes learned some one of the useful arts, and the *Arabian Nights* abound in examples of the value of the national custom. An exiled prince maintains himself as a pastry-cook, an unlucky trader falls upon some new resort. The Jews and all the Semitic races followed the same custom. St. Paul labored as a tent-maker, and all his countrymen were taught some form of manual industry. The Arabs sank at last into indolence and license, but the Jews maintained their industrious habits, and their young men and women preserved unchanged the vigor of the race. The Romans, once laborious tillers of the soil, sank into decay when they lost their habits of industry. Once patrician and plebeian labored together on the fertile campagnas, but in the imperial period the only valuable portion of the population were the slaves. From the slaves and the freedmen came the most useful citizens of Rome in its later period, and often its most wicked. They kept the last remains of energy, but lost their virtue.

In the feudal and barbaric period labor fell into contempt; young men learned only to wield the spear and battle-axe, to cleave each other's heads in warfare, and strike each other to the ground in tilt and tournament. The horrible vices and degradation of the famous days of chivalry reduced the great body of the people to despair, want, and infamy. Men sighed for the end of the world, and fancied it near. Happily the republics of the Middle Ages began again to cultivate industry and teach young men and women the necessity of labor. Venice, Florence, and Milan resounded with the hum of the spindle and the roar of the factory; labor was enforced upon every one, and no honest man was idle. With labor came the growth of the intellect, for men found that knowledge was the parent of the arts; and with it came, too, a fierce spirit of independence that showed itself in the factions of Florence and the early democracy of Venice. Nothing could be more turbulent than these early cities of labor; revolution followed revolution. The savage energy of their working people, untrained by the long usage of civilization, rose in ceaseless civil convulsions, particularly at Florence; and Gino Caponi has recently painted with fresh distinctness the struggles and the successes of the contending orders. But from their struggles came the genius of Dante, the chisel of Michael Angelo, Gallileo's telescope, and the growth of the early European mind.

Holland and the Low Countries began anew the revival of the industrial arts. In the fair cities of Ghent and Bruges every one labored; the young men learned a trade, the young women to knit and sew. Feudal indolence was contemned, the savage lives of knights and squires seemed odious and barbarous to the companions of the Artevelds and the wealthy manufacturers, whose children were trained in the new knowledge. It was better to manufacture copper kettles at Dinant, or to be a brewer at Ghent, than to live at the dissolute and impoverished courts of France and England, or to perish with Charles the Bold before the swords of the hardy Swiss. The Low Countries became the wealthiest and most prosperous part of Europe, because there every one was industrious and every young man learned a trade. Some were armorers, some dyers, brewers, clothiers, architects, carpenters, and masons. The feudal nobles strove to destroy the cities of labor, and in a measure were successful. The clothiers of Flanders passed over to England in Edward III.'s time, and laid the foundation of its manufacturing system. Labor fled from feudalism, the persecutors, the Inquisition, the pride of birth, and left Italy and Spain to sink into decay together. It found a home in Holland, and made it for a century the model of European progress.

In the later ages republicanism and labor have risen together, and it is because so many men work that so many are free. France, with its innumerable tillers of the soil, has become capable of self-government, and from the mighty workshops of England have come its wealth, intelligence, and advancing freedom. The strong frames and hardy intellects of the English working classes have made them at last its real rulers, the source of its greatness and its hope. Knowledge is the parent of labor. As men rise from a savage life they learn to plant and reap, to spin and weave, to build cities, found nations, invent and improve. The highest form of civilization will be that in which the great majority of the community are engaged in healthful labor, when mind and body are cultivated together, and refinement and intelligence lead to the general equality of virtue. This was the theory that Washington inculcated and practiced, that Franklin strove to enforce, that the wisest republicans of every age have made the foundation of freedom.

Every young man and woman among us—we repeat the lesson of the Arabic moralists and of history—should learn and practice some manual art. Health requires it, the mind rests upon it, and even freedom is secure only in labor. Youth is the season of activity, when the powers of mind and body expand, and require some field of effort. With the wealthier classes among us it is often wasted in the pursuits of pleasure, in the nominal study of some profession that is never to be practiced, and in the harmless games, or the dangerous ones, that occupy the leisure of the idle. We have already imported all the foreign devices for killing time, and often soul and body. The races that corrupt England, and make the Derby-day a shame to civilization, the gambling dens, the coaching clubs, polo, the tennis, the fox-hunt, and various European amusements serve to satisfy the natural longing of youth for labor, and corrupt it. Wearily the mind of the young passes from one vain expedient to another, until it sinks into sensuality, and dies. How many of the new generation perish of indolence, and never reach maturity! How many weary, worthless lives pass on around us!

It is the great error of our young men who have their fortunes to make that they shrink from manual labor, and crowd into the professions, that offer prizes only to the few. They starve amidst the throng for which no employment offers, or if they succeed in making money, often do so at the cost of an overburdened conscience. Life brings them no peace, because they have parted with their integrity or their humanity. Health, too, is lost. It would be well for every lawyer if he could pass three or four hours each day in manual labor, and every clergyman if he could emulate the industry of St. Paul. To the literary man, the editor and author, the thinker, the use of physical exercise is equally important. Carlyle, Macaulay, and Dr. Johnson found theirs in endless walks about London, and Victor Hugo is seldom at rest in Paris. It is one of the questions of the future how to blend literary employment with manual labor, and satisfy the physical impulse that in every man and woman requires regular work to preserve an unclouded mind. Burns, in his Edinburgh triumphs, sighed for his country landscape; Horace and Virgil remembered with regret the happy hours of their laborious youth.

Our common schools might be made to suggest useful employments. In the country they might teach when to sow and reap, the difference of soils, the elements of scientific agriculture. And thousands of our youth may yet find employment in the culture of the earth. It is an endless source of pleasure and profit. Food for the population that is rapidly springing up around us will soon be difficult to find, unless some better means of cultivation be devised, the old soil renewed, and waste lands reclaimed. The vigor and intelligence of our youth should be directed to this question. An endless series of active employments, open for the young, in manufactures, merchandise, the arts, in building railroads, and planting telegraphs. Knowledge has prepared a thousand new occupations; knowledge will provide the best material for filling them. What society chiefly wants is honest, intelligent labor. The age of dull work is nearly over. The common-school system will create a laboring class in the future full of intelligence, and they may also be made to direct this intelligence to useful labor. In most European countries the public schools have already begun to teach trades.

But in this new direction of the powers of the nation our country should lead the way. Ours is the land of labor. Our factories, workshops, railways, and farms should draw in the best intellect of the people. They open the way to fortune, health, and practical wisdom. Our most successful citizens have usually been those who made their way in trade. It will apparently be the duty of our common schools to blend literature with labor, to teach industry, and cultivate discretion. The waste labor of the past ages, had it been skillfully directed, might have brought ease and comfort to the toiling world.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

THE DANCING TREE.

In this way it was settled, then, that Mrs. Pugsley (who could drive as well as her husband—and her husband as well, according to some folk, whose business it was none of) should come in the Sunday shay at one o'clock on Monday, and put up the horse (who was to be borrowed from a man who owed a bill of two years' standing), and dine in the kitchen with Moggy the maid, though the Captain said no; but Tim Pugsley was firm that his wife should not sit to a red-legged table, and the life he would lead with her afterward. "Her could do up all the chaney and the zilver like a looking-glass," he said, for fear of having seemed to go against her dignity.

Then about three o'clock they were to start, in the Sunday shay borrowed from the White Hart Inn; and so (inasmuch as it would be absurd to spare a horse belonging to a man who owed him money) they might get to Moreton very well by half past four, and show miss the shops, and the Punch and Judy, and wise pig come from Exeter.

Nothing can ever hope to be done now according to its calculation, because of the many other things, all equally busy, that come in the way of it. But forty years ago the rush was scarcely half begun yet, and there still was time to live in. Mrs. Pugsley came with the light shay and the pony, who could properly afford to be thrashed, because his master could not pay. And Rose, although her mind might be considered rather large, was unable to help getting into high spirits at the little change and bit of fun in front of her. But another and a far more important person was grieved and sore wounded at heart by such an outbreak.

"Then, am I to be left to myself all the day, while you go to see the chaw-bacons capering?" Dicky Touchwood asked, when he heard of what was toward, and his voice was rich with a melancholy sound.

"You must not be left alone, because you are never any company to yourself," his fair attendant answered, in the kindest manner; "but that has been provided for before this was thought of. Miss Perperaps has promised to come up and sit with you, and read you a story-book until you go to sleep. And I am to be home again by one o'clock to-morrow; you will scarcely even know that I have been away at all. And perhaps I shall be able to make you laugh. I never saw anybody laugh like you. I am only afraid that it is bad for you."

"Do I laugh? Then I am sure I never mean it. It is all Spotty's fault, because she never cares for anything. I don't like young ladies of that character at all."

"You must never say that. It sounds ungrateful. If Miss Perperaps had been your own sister, she could not have done more for you."

"That makes it all the worse, and drives me wild. Why should people I don't care for do me all the good that gets done for me, and the really nice ones take no notice? And they never seem to know how it urges me!"

"Mr. Touchwood, it seems to me that you should rather ask why you don't care for the people that are kind to you, and do you all the good that would not get done for you unless you had them to do it."

"Very well. I dare say you think me ungrateful. But I am put out because I shall not see you, very likely, for two whole days. And the only pleasure I get now is to look at you, Miss Arthur."

"Good-by. Your dear mamma will be here at three o'clock; and I hope that she will say you are a great deal better. It is most unlucky that whenever she comes you should happen to fall back so, and be so languid and low-spirited. It makes Lady Touchwood disbelieve the doctor, and she goes away with such a sigh! Even if you feel worse than usual, you should try to put a cheerful face on; and especially to-day, when your sister is coming for the first time to see you. I am sure that you can walk very nicely, if you try."

"You never seem to enter into my case at all," Dicky Touchwood complained, as she passed out of hearing; "I don't want to go away. I like the place, I like the Captain, I like the apple-fritters, and somebody even better still. In fact, I like everything except the medicines. And if they would only allow me the right thing in malt, I'll be blessed if I'd ever get well again."

But his lovely young hostess, with all her good-nature, was getting rather tired of his vapors and vagaries. Her main delight was to be with her father, to help him and hand him his needs, and be ready with a smile (when that was one of them), and be able, at supper-time, to tell him how much he had done, if he dared to reproach himself. But ever since this boy tumbled in among them, instead of looking after her vines and roses, she must give up her time to be looked at by him. And this made her glad to get away to Moreton.

Timothy Pugsley's "little ouze"—as he called his most highly respectable dwelling—was as full of deep corners, and heavy overhangings, and loopings, and humpings, and jags, and juttings, as the loftiest artist could desire to find on a tour or upon a friend's property. We take at the present time no deep interest in our forefathers, because they were nothing in comparison with our noble selves; and we doubt their *differentia*—as it used to be called, and used to be settled, if aught ever was. But if anything can be inferred about them (where all is inference, deference none), it seems to be that they were fond of corners. They loved a deep corner, as we love a flat, whether vertical or horizontal; and they liked to see shadow as much as we hate it.

The carrier's house went up and down, and in and out, almost as freely as his cart did on the roads; and the roof carried fodder enough for a horse, as Teddy observed, with a watering mouth. No climbers were wanted to cluster the windows, for the droopers clothed them amply, creeping Jenny, and runaway Jack, and the many forms of house-leek, with golden moss to brighten them. No rakes came near them, neither besom of destruction; their only enemy was the wind, and that they passed on into the chimney-pots.

"Now, if you plaize, miss, this cornder hath been claned for 'e," said Master Pugsley to Miss Arthur, after a magnificent tea down stairs. "'Tis the very best place in all Marton town for spyin' of they ranties. And wi'out you putts your head var vorth, ne'er a wan of 'em can see 'e. Viddles be toonin' up a'ready. Many is the time I've a-dooed it with the best of 'em. Zumtimes I wush I wor a lad again, and no vam'ly. Don't 'e tell that to my missus, though."

"I've a-heered 'e," said Mrs. Pugsley, panting up the creaky stairs, for she was fat exceedingly—"I've a-heered 'e, Tim, and I be 'sheamed of 'e. Lor, Miss Rose, when my Timmy wor a buy, you could have put your two hands round him, what with his chronicles and his asterisks. Nobody said a' wud ever grow up; but a' did, and a' wanteth to do so again, wi'out no waife to do's vittles for 'un."

"You've dooed your own too," said the carrier, with a smile. "How well her look'th, Miss Rosie, and chakes so bright as your'n a'most!"

"By rason I gotten a good man to keep me. Now, missy, shall I stop with you, and tell 'e who the vork be; or wad 'e zoonder baide aloun? Tim must be off, a-doin' of a zaight of things. Nort can be done in this here town wi'out Tim Pugsley."

"Oh, please to stop with me," said Rose. "I should never know anything about it—and indeed I would not stop, to shut you out from your own window. And Sally and Milly and Billy must come. Why, what are they going to do already? The sunset is on the church tower still, and the moon is as pale as an oyster shell; but they mean to begin—I declare they do!"

They meant to begin, and more than that, they did begin without delay, and with strong intention to go on. For the girls there was a tallat ladder, to be mounted according to their manifold natures, some making a great fuss (for fear of falling, without being noticed), some skipping up shyly before any one could think of them, some ascending slowly with a gaze of large unconsciousness, and others smiling, with their skirts tucked in, to prove what management can do. The lads, upon the other hand, had too much of their own to do to be overnice in criticism. Their only way up to the dancing-stage was a two-inch rope hanging down from a bough, and anointed well with mutton-suet. Also at the landing-place, where an active lad might stick his heels in, invidious fellows who had climbed already, and wished to keep the platform to themselves, showed a narrow-minded tendency to push away any better-looking lad who was aspiring to the girls. And a combat ensued which was pleasant to behold.

"They've been and gotten our best stable lantern!" Mrs. Pugsley cried, indignantly. "Fie upon Tim, they get over him so! One of them scrapers scrapeth with a book. Some saith 'tis larnin', and some saith 'tis hignorance. Girt hignorance, to my mind, vor to viddle wi' a copy-book. There they goo'th—fust couple right, and turn once! Zim'th no more nor yesterday as I wur doin' of it. Vaive-and-thirty years agone, miss; and used to cry 'Boney' for the gals to shake to; and if you said it now, they would stare and ax the manin'."

"But they seem to shake very well without it, Mrs. Pugsley. How wonderfully they go in and out! I never saw anything half so pretty. And how beautifully they keep time; though they seem to be laughing, instead of being serious! I have seen a ball of very high society at Exeter, just that I might know how to understand it, through the cracks of the door, and from the cock-loft; but it frightened me sadly to look at them, because they seemed to dance one step and frown two."

"The karlity knows what is best for 'em, miss"—Mrs. Pugsley had been cook in a very good family, and never meant to sink the difference—"but our lads and wenches, if soever they comes crossways, with royal authority, and the viddles going twang, and the moon a-shaining bright, and a man like Tim and a 'ooman like me looking on agin all unpropriety, they sayeth to themselves, and to wan anither, 'Us may carry on now, and spake the word that coom'th upward.' And then they goo'th on for more nor thiccy."

"Whatever they are thinking of, they look very nice, and they do it very well, and their manners are so good! Why, they bow to one another continually."

"Not they, miss; never a one of them. 'Tis the branches makes them duck their heads, for fear of an orkard clout on 'em. Good manners coom'th convanient so."

Whatever their manners were, they enjoyed them, and, with nature's help, looked well. For the large moon began to come loftily into the middle of their doings, and to make them clear. The maidens were the first to feel her influence, and look at her, and hold their dresses prettily, and have sweet imaginations. Then the youths took the temper of the moment from them, and found a deeper study of ideas in their eyes, and wanted less to kiss them than to listen to them first.

Even the fiddlers three, and the piper, worthy to perform before King Cole, took a softer stroke of melody, and worked their funny-bones more gently. Perched up in the branches, with a rope to keep them to it, and a tankard refilled at the end of every tune, they set their heels firmer, and bedewed their hands, and nodding at one another, glided sweetly into a plaintive and wistful air, with their pots shining chastely in the light across the church-yard. To the movement of their music lads and lasses circled slowly, well content with measure more sedate, and time for serious steps.

For the moonlight wavered in the play of their vibration, and put a selvedge to their shadows (where the lamp shone in), and followed in and out of pale innumerable buds, and rested upon nothing but the rugged lines of heart-wood, scarred with the jocosities of by-gone dancers, whose names were wearing out upon the tombstones down below.

"Now, Missus Littlejohn, you can't get out of it no more," Rose heard Carrier Pugsley say to a very pretty woman, who was standing in a doorway. "You was the sproylest of the lot, dree years running, and not a wench among 'em can put a foot out wi' 'e now times. You be burnin' to be at it, and your chakes confesseth. I dunno what hath come across the lads since I wor one of 'em. Call your good man, that's a dear, and goo up the skip to aupway."

"And I can goo up as suent as ever," the young matron answered, with a longing glance; "in the looment of the laight, they do zim weist. But conzeider the babby, Maister Pugsley, conzeider of my husband's babby."

"Drat the babby, or bless 'un, I shud zay. Our Zally will tend 'un. Zally, coom peart, and vang Mrs. Littlejan's babby."

Then Rose saw the brisk little woman go up, and heard a loud hail to her, the Queen of by-now May times; and a merry tune struck up, and all was quick stroke again. Then Pugsley, rejoicing to see a bright success, went up the ladder to the dance himself, for he could tread a measure still, with heels in lieu of toeing it. But Sally, who would have to tell his doings to her mother, fastened upon him the whole speculation of her blue eyes, and left the infant Littlejohn to the ministry of angels.

"Do you see that wild horse up the hill?" cried Rose; "he is tossing, and straining, and dashing at his reins; I expect to see him break loose every moment."

"Lor, miss, no! Never trouble about he," Mrs. Pugsley answered, calmly. "'Tis only baker Pollard's young gray nag; he hooketh him up there twaice a day. And he riglar furmiteth about like that.'

"What is there to stop him, if he breaks loose with the cart? And here come those Punch and Judy people close behind him! Oh, he is loose! he is off!"

Without another word, she too was off, down the crooked staircase, like a rabbit through a hole, and out at the front door, which luckily was open. The baby of the Littlejohns was in the street before her, making just a little crawl, and trying to say "Boo," with the mad horse striking fire in his dash down hill upon it, and the wheels behind him flying like a kettle at a dog's tail. Away ran a score of louts, sniggering and yelling; and women justly screamed; for death was dashing on the baby.

With a settled heart, and firm bound of all the life within her, Rose Arthur stood in the very middle of the narrow roadway, before the poor baby, and pulled her white hat off, and threw it at the forehead of the horse almost upon her. Swerving with a wild plunge—for check himself he could not—he flung the cart high in the air, and flew on, with the reins like a lasso whirling after him. The loop caught the leg of baby Littlejohn; but Rose threw it up, and the tire of the jumping wheel tore off a lock of her long scattered hair. With a dash and a clash, all the peril was gone by, and the roar and the screams echoed further down the street.

Rose Arthur lay stunned by the whir of the wheels, within a single inch of her lovely little ear; if the wheel had not leaped at the plunge of the horse, it must have gone over her slender white neck. When she came to herself, she was in the strong arms of a young man, who had rushed forward to save her, but too late to do more than pick her up and worship her.

"She is killed, I do believe, you disgraceful pack of cowards," he cried to the fellows who came crowding now around. "I never saw anything so grand, and so barbarous. Go and fetch your mothers—it is all that you are fit for." There were plenty of brave young men around, but their presence of mind had failed them.

"Thank you; I don't think that I have been hurt," said the maiden, in a whisper, and looking shyly up at him; "only stupidly frightened. But how is the baby?"

"The baby is laughing in the arms of its mother. But you, who are worth ten thousand babies—"

"Please to put me down, sir. I am not so giddy now. Oh, here comes Mrs. Pugsley. I am most thankful to you, though I can not tell you properly."

"You be off, young man!" cried the carrier's wife, for the Westcombes were unknown on this side of the moor; "you han't done no harm, and you han't done no good. Be off, I tell 'e. Bain't no place for you. Hus be gooin' to veel the young leddy all auver." The dismissal was urgent; there was no plea for lingering. Everybody seemed to say: "What do you want here? Who are you to abuse the Moreton folk?" With a deep bow meant for Rose, but received by Mrs. Pugsley, in the ample region where she tied her apron strings, he accepted the decision of the public, and was off.

But all excellent intentions must have some luck somewhere, if capable of paying for it, and eager so to do. And Pollard the baker, who was sitting on his flour-bin, sadly scoring with his white material a loss of more than £3 10s., from the breakage of shaft, and bolt, and panel, and a spring of five leaves, and the gray colt's knee, and a host of little items of the ruefullest arithmetic—he did signal justice to that young man's lofty character, without assigning reason.

But Mrs. Pollard knew the reason, and she kept it close as dough until the brewer's charm begins. The reason was that young Jack Westcombe, before he started for his long night-walk, provided a curl-paper for a curl. Or to put it more precisely, he gave a £5 note for the silky tress which he discovered between the sprung tire and cracked felloe of the cart's surviving wheel. He might have had it gladly for five shillings; but love scorned such an insult.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1263.]

INTO THE SHADE.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

IV.

IT was on the second morning after Mr. and Mrs. Warren had left Hurstone that Leoline proposed to take me for an exploring expedition over the Bretton.

"You have never seen the wildest and loveliest parts," she said, "and this is just the day for it. Will you come, Eve?"

Of course I was willing, and it was arranged that Hector, who had to be at home that morning to receive his father's solicitor, should follow us at noon.

I was standing on the terrace steps, in my plain mourning costume, waiting for Leoline to unchain the great St. Bernard dog, when she came up to me bright and beautiful in her soft summer dress. For one moment there was a longing and rebelling in my heart as I felt how different we looked; but then grateful thoughts came back, and I stood beside her as she laughingly pointed back to Hector, who came toward us with the great dog at his heels.

"It is no use my ever trying to woo Lion from him," she said, merrily. "He deserts me in a moment; but after all it is only because he knows instinctively that Hector is the one least to be trusted alone among the hills."

"That's not it, is it, Eve?" asked Hector, as he came leisurely up to us. "It's only a proof of Lion's superior discernment, and it always makes Leoline exceedingly jealous."

"What a solemn-looking fellow he is!"

"You will soon find out how valuable he is on the mountains here."

"I am never trusted on the Bretton without Lion," said Leoline, laughing, as she patted his head.

"Or me," added Hector, looking down upon her, his eyes growing dark and bright as she raised hers to meet them.

"Remember me to Mr. Ransford, Hector," she said, putting on her gloves, "and don't let his business detain you. It is now eleven, his time, so we shall expect to meet you at the Scaur soon after twelve."

"I don't think Ransford will stay at all," he answered, "and I shall climb up by a private way of my own; so I may be there before twelve. I am not likely to waste a moment."

We set off merrily, finding some difficulty to make Lion follow us, talking a great deal, and often stopping to listen to the echo of our voices among the rocks.

"This is what we call the Scaur," she said, stopping presently, "and it is nearly one o'clock. How we must have sauntered! Yet Hector isn't here. How strange!"

"He has been detained with Mr. Ransford," I said, and we sat down upon the jagged rock and waited.

Half past one, and still he did not come.

"There is another scaur a quarter of a mile away," said Leoline, looking really anxious as she rose. "I wonder whether Hector could have fancied we meant that one. Let us go and see. Why, Lion is gone, and we never missed him! What an odd thing! Come, Eve, make haste."

We hurried on, faster and faster.

"If we lose him, we may wander looking for him for hours," Leoline said.

So we hastened on; but, still climbing higher and higher, we could nowhere see either Hector or the dog. I looked in Leoline's face as she held out her hand to help me, and I should have laughed but that its deep wonderment silenced me. I did not know until that moment that it was for him she feared, because she knew so well how great the dangers of the mountain were.

At last we reached the summit, still seeing nothing, and then began to descend in another direction. Leoline tightened her hold of my hand, and I followed her light steps unhesitatingly.

"Look there, Eve!"

We had reached a hollow in the mountain, when Leoline stopped, pointing to where against the sky before us a white handkerchief fastened to a stick was blown slightly by the wind. Tied to it was a paper, on which we found these pencilled words:

"I fear from Lion's manner that some accident has occurred near here. I have sent him home with a note telling Mrs. Hill to send a carriage and mattress to the foot of the precipice. Please hasten home, but be careful of every step, as you have neither me nor Lion to guide you.
"HECTOR."

"This precipice! Has he gone down here?"

"Yes," said Leoline, under her breath. "It is a long way round, and I know he would not wait. Are you ready?"

I was ready, though I did not know for what, and once more we hastened on.

We never spoke nor turned, never once halted or looked back, until we stood, a long hour afterward, at the foot of the mountain, in the shadow of the great rocky precipice down which we had looked with such awe.

Neither of us spoke even then; we were listening with all our power for the slightest sound that might tell of life. It came at last—a stirring of the brambles—and the great dog went up to Leoline, and laid his head against her dress. Still she did not turn her eyes from their strained gaze among the branches, but only laid her hand softly on his head. Another rustling of the leaves, and Hector stood before us, oh! so ghastly pale!

"Dear Leoline, it was wrong of you to come here," he said, very quietly—the tone so different from his old confidence that it frightened us both.

"Are you waiting for help from home, Hector?" Leoline asked, very low.

"Yes, dear; Lion has left his note and returned. Will you go now? it will be better for you to be there."

"Oh, Hector, were you too late?" I asked.

"It seemed almost worse than that at first, but it does not seem so now. I should like you to be at home, Eve. Hush, Leoline! God is so pitiful, my dear."

Just then two of the men-servants from Hurstone came in sight, and Leoline turned and led the way at once. There was no unwonted stir and confusion in the house when we reached it, but I saw that Mrs. Hill had everything ready. We were standing with her on the staircase, talking in low tones, when, through the open hall door, we saw the carriage coming back, very, very slowly. Leoline and I drew back, and let Mrs. Hill pass down alone to meet it. We heard the doctor arrive, and Hector join him on the staircase; and afterward we met them both at dinner.

What a mockery the meal was for all of us! Yet Doctor Percy was hopeful and encouraging about his patient. There was no bone broken, he said, but it had been a most terrible fall, and he feared fever following.

"Hector," asked Leoline, very slowly, "who is he?"

"We do not know, dear—at least, not yet. Doctor Percy has sent to Lyttelton, to the hotel where he was staying, and the messenger has not returned. He is a foreigner—an Italian, I fancy; but there is nothing upon his person to identify him."

"Is he conscious, Doctor Percy?" I inquired.

"Not at all. One thing is sure, Miss Merrion," he answered, gravely, "all help would have been too late in another hour."

"Oh, Hector, how glad and proud I am!" cried Leoline, turning her loving eyes upon him.

He smiled gently, as his fingers touched her pale face; then he went up to the sick-room again, and we saw him no more that night. The landlord of the hotel at Lyttelton returned with the messenger. No papers could be found among the gentleman's luggage by means of which he could be identified.

Day after day went on; and after the first fortnight the stranger, whose life Hector had saved, felt the strength and vigor of that life creep slowly back to him.

"A fine muscular constitution," Doctor Percy said, "and a most creditable patient."

And, while the strength so slowly returned, he came among us, in his weakness winning a place in our care and attention, and sometimes, I thought, even a deeper place than this; but I always tried eagerly to put that thought away from me.

And still Mr. Warren lingered with his dying mother in Paris, and his wife felt that her true place was there too.

V.

"Here they come, Eve."

Leoline was standing at the window, with the sunlight full upon her, and I sat working at a distance, seeing, without looking up, the deep intentness with which she watched them, and wondering what brought such a strange, heavy pain to my heart. Striving, as I always found myself striving, to stifle it now, I went and stood beside her in the September sunlight to watch Hector and Signor Parati sauntering together up the pleasaunce.

"They are a great contrast, Leoline," I said, with more earnestness than I had intended; but she answered, still more earnestly,

"A great, great contrast, Eve."

When they entered the room, and stood with us at the window, talking of their walk, this contrast struck me still more forcibly. How could Hector's brave bright face and handsome figure be more unlike the small, dark, sallow face and slight, nervous form of the Italian? There was something winning, though—even I must own it—in his strange, quiet ways, in the varying expression which made the dark flashing eyes brighten or sadden the thin worn face so suddenly.

"And you really went again to that terrible spot?" said Leoline, shuddering as she looked at him, and then almost nervously laughing at the shudder, as if she were ashamed of it.

"Really," he answered, with a quiet deference which was as different from Hector's inborn English courtesy as was his nervous, broken language from Hector's pure, true English. "I had a great wish to see the mighty death from which I had been so wonderfully saved, and Mr. Warren promised to guide me once more to the spot."

"Oh, signore," began Leoline, raising her beautiful eyes slowly to his face, "did it not make you—"

"Yes," he answered, as she paused, and meeting her gaze with a deep, bright look of intelligence, "it did. It has been a good lesson for me, and he has been a good teacher. Some day he will see how I repay it."

Of course Hector laughed at this.

"At any rate, you found your pocket-book," he said, lightly. "That was evidently worth going for."

The signor laughed too; but there came that sudden restless flash into his eyes which I seemed always the one to catch, and the laugh was quick and shallow.

"How strange it is," I said, after a pause, "that we have never asked you whither you were bound when you crossed the hill!"

His dark face crimsoned slowly.

"I was only exploring, signorina," he said, politely; "making the most of my few days' stay in Lyttelton by trying to see a little of the justly celebrated mountains."

"Did you come into the country on purpose to see the mountains?"

"On purpose," he answered, without the slightest hesitation, though his thin, nervous lip curled a little.

But I, looking steadily into his restless face, knew that he uttered a falsehood.

That night, for the first time since Signor Parati came, Leoline consented to sing; and I shall never forget with what eager, concentrated attention he listened. He leaned back on his low chair, and turned his face as much as he could into the shadow; but I saw his eyes gleam hotly under the thick dark lashes, and his lips were drawn tightly over his white teeth. The whole face and attitude showed a concentration of thought and purpose which literally frightened me.

"Leoline," I irrelevantly asked her that night, lingering in her dressing-room, "I wonder how old Signor Parati is?"

"Why should you wonder on such an unimportant subject?" she returned, laughing; "I think about forty. Hector thinks he is not so old."

"And I think he is older," I said, shortly; "and more than that, I think he is quite well enough to go away from here now."

"Don't be inhospitable, Eve," said Leoline, kissing me, with a wistful little smile. "Let strangers be welcome in our home when they have no happy homes of their own."

There was a lingering sadness in Leoline's tones—almost a lingering tenderness—and I turned hastily away.

The next day was dull and wet, and we all spent it very quietly. As the twilight closed in I sat alone in the library, looking out idly at the falling rain, and thinking hurriedly and restlessly of many things. For four weeks now Signor Parati had been with us, and at last the time was come for him to go. He was feeling strong enough now to travel next day to London; and that projected journey to London was all he had ever told us of his movements, past or to come.

These had been long and anxious weeks for me; for through them there had been a strange unrest about Leoline which I could not understand. Even Hector, so unsuspicious in his love, noticed it at times with wonder and pain; but then she was so loving, always so tender and thoughtful to him, that the thin cloud of doubt and anxiety melted rapidly in her bright, sweet presence. But with me the cloud never vanished. I was thinking sadly of this, and listening to the dreary falling of the rain upon the gravel, when Hector came in to seek me.

"At last!" he said, merrily. "We have been looking for you everywhere. You ought not to spend any of this evening away from us, Eve; this is Parati's last night, you know."

I don't know what he saw in my face, but a shadow fell over his own as he looked earnestly at me.

"Your patient has done credit to your rare nursing, Eve," he said—"yours and Leoline's. He looks strong and well at last—a handsome, active fellow. Why will you never think so, as Leoline and I do?"

His quiet, trusting words made my eyes fill; so I could not answer, and went back with him to the drawing-room in silence.

"Why, Eve," cried Hector, unexpectedly, while he was putting down in Leoline's pocket-book the name of a song which Signor Parati had been praising, "I see it is your birthday to-morrow! Leoline, how shall we keep it? What do you say, signore?" he added, including the stranger in his discussion, as he always tried to do.

I saw Leoline turn to the Italian, her eyes almost piteous, but he did not answer.

"Well, Leoline," said Hector, "what is it to be? Please to prepare a surprise for Eve."

"Oh, Hector," she said, with a shudder which was not feigned, though she tried to laugh, "how terrible to be expecting to be astonished! Wait and see what to-morrow brings."

Poor, poor Leoline!

We were none of us cheerful that night, though it seemed as if each tried hard to be so. Once, when Hector was telling Signor Parati some of his remembrances of Italy, I saw Leoline, who sat on the same couch, creep closer to him, out of the signor's sight, and lay her hand timidly on his. He looked down at her with eyes most beautiful in their love and trust, and then I could see that the Italian watched them too, with a half-smile which made me sick with unacknowledged fear.

I remember how unwilling we all appeared to be to separate that night. Leoline actually seemed to dread it, and whispered to detain me once or twice. Hector avoided it, saying frankly that he did so because it was the last night we four should spend together; and Signor Parati really seemed as if he would not leave the room all night. So it was after midnight when we went up stairs together—Leoline and I.

"Eve"—she had tight hold of my hands, and her flushed face was close to mine—"it is so dreary!"

"Dreary, my darling?" I whispered; "why?"

"I don't know," she faltered; "I can not know."

I made her sit beside me on the couch, before her own bright fire; and I tried to soothe and quiet her without asking any question, or showing in my face any of the wonder that filled my heart.

"It has seemed to be coming a long while," she said, in the same breathless whisper: "now it is here. What is it, Eve?" she sobbed, laying her head upon my shoulder. "The mist is closing round me—closing dark at last."

Then for a long time she hid her face, and I did not speak to disturb her. When she raised it at last it was quite calm, though very, very pale.

"It is over now, Eve," she said, tenderly. "I wish I had not hurt and distressed you; but the misery of it all came so overpoweringly upon me just then—the terrible feeling that"—I had to stoop to catch her words—"that I am losing all I love. It is over now, Eve, and you must forget it, dear."

"Eve," she said, after a long pause, hiding her face again as she sat beside me, "if I were to die soon—if I were to die to-night, say, or to-morrow, you would often sit, all clustered together, and talk of me—or, better still, think of me very tenderly and lovingly? Oh, I know you would! Now imagine, just for an instant," she went on, with a tremulous low laugh, "that I disappointed you all, if I could do it—if I could, Eve—and left you, never caring that you thought me cold and heartless—never caring even that you should think of me with shame—left you forever! Should you ever speak of me and think of me with any tenderness then, Eve?"

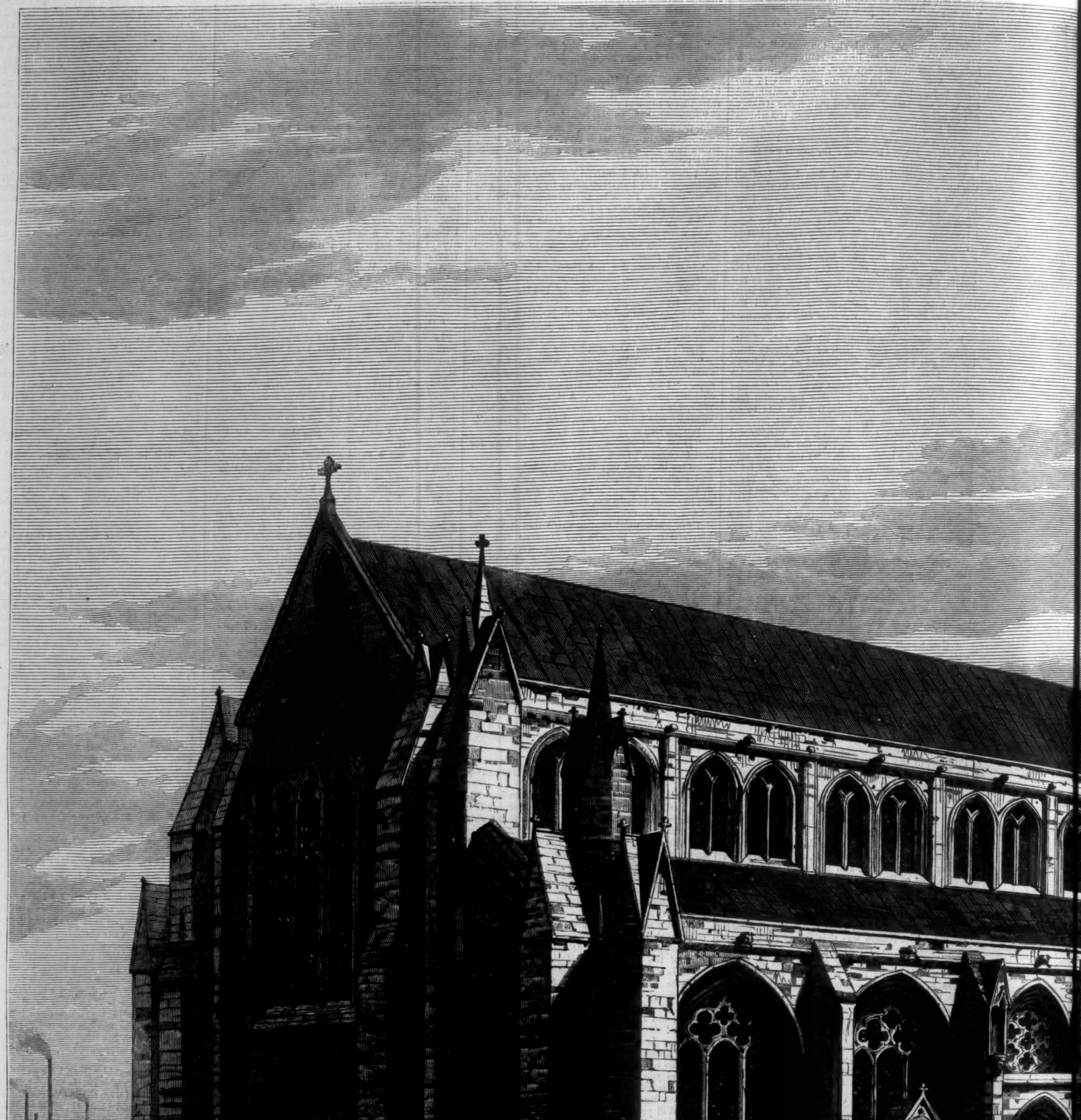
"We could never speak of you or think of you otherwise, darling; but don't speak of such impossible things," I answered, softly stroking her dark hair. "If I could catch a glimpse of your face I should see how very impossible such a thing could be."

"Has my face been truthful to you, Eve?" she asked, very low, as she raised it slowly.

"Always."

"Then, Eve"—oh, how breathlessly she spoke, and how her white lips trembled!—"then, Eve, will you always remember that? Oh, my dear, remember through all how fearlessly I sat among you to-night, while Hector read the sacred words that are all purity. Remember how I knelt to pray beside you, and followed every word of Hector's with my heart and lips. Oh, remember this, and teach him to remember it, in the name of that sweet charity which believeth all things."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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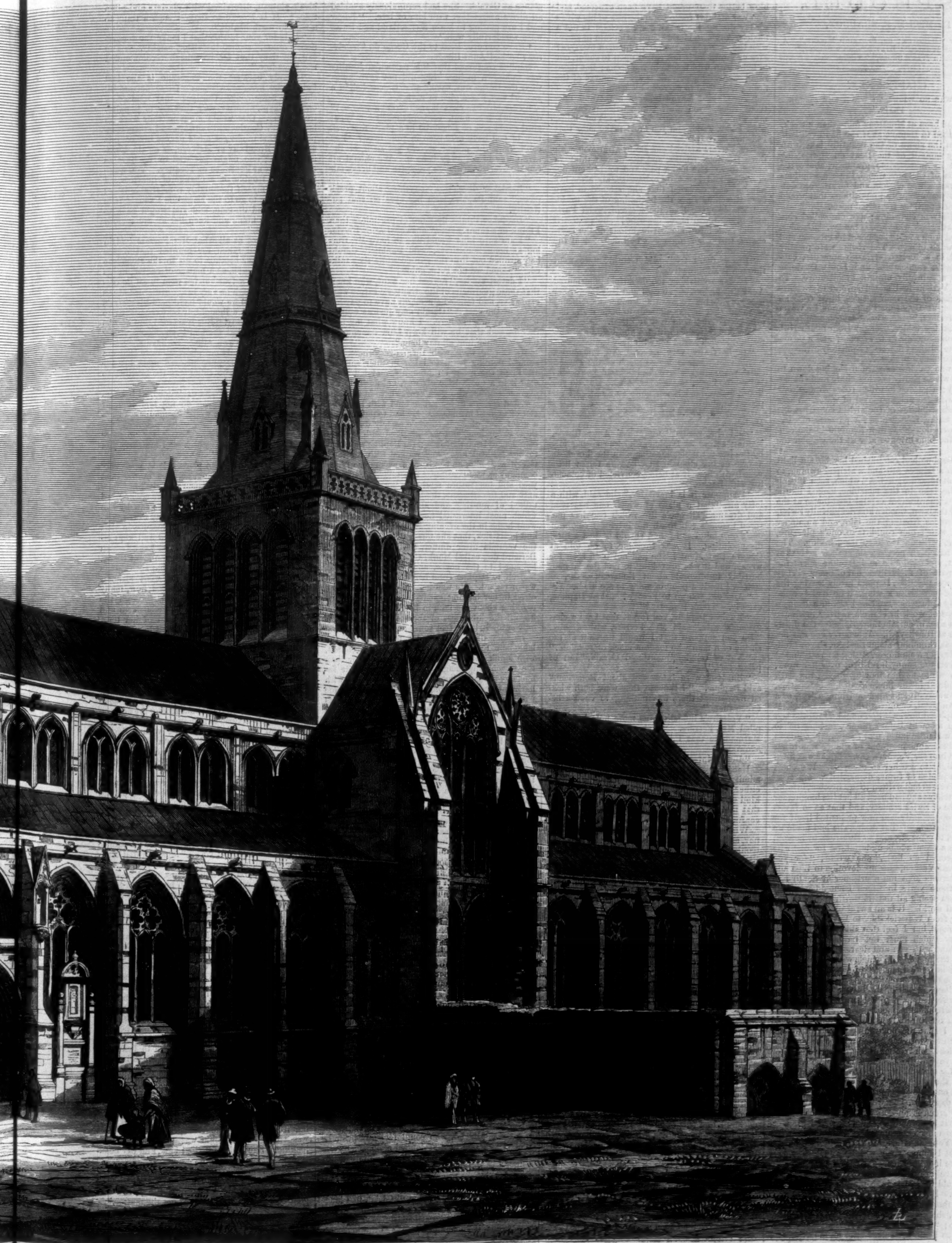


15—GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"THER WAS NO WIGHT, TO WHOM SHE DURSTE PLAIN."

THEY had been at Montreux more than a week, and it seemed to Daphne as if she had lived half her life on the shore of the beautiful lake, with the snowy summit of the Dent du Midi rising yonder in its inaccessible grandeur, above the fertile hills of the foreground, those precipitous green slopes, where chalets and farms were dotted about picturesquely in positions that would have seemed perilous for birds' nests.

The villa was charming: a white-walled chalet, all plate-glass windows, verandas, balconies, brightened from roof to basement by crimson and white Spanish blinds. The rooms were prettily furnished in a foreign style—commodes, cabinets, clocks, candelabra, and Louis Quatorze chairs of a painfully upright architecture. To these Sir Vernon had added several easy-chairs and couches of the pouf species, hired from an upholsterer at Geneva. Photographs in velvet or ivory frames, books, work-baskets, easels, and five-o'clock tea tables, brought from South Hill, gave a home-like air to the rooms; and a profusion of the loveliest flowers, exquisitely arranged, told of Madoline's presence.

There was a delicious garden sloping down to the lake, whose gently curving shore made here a lovely bay; a garden in which roses grew as they only grow in the neighborhood of water. There were summer-houses of the airiest construction; trellised walks, rose-shaded; a parterre of carefully chosen flowers, with a fountain in the centre, and the blue bright water at the edge of the lawn.

Here Daphne had established her boat, a light skiff with a felucca sail and a striped awning, to be used at pleasure; a boat which, seen flitting across the lake in the sunshine, looked like a swallow. There was a capital boat-house at the corner of the lawn, wooden and delightfully Swiss, with balconies fronting the lake, and an upper room in which one could take one's pleasure, sketching, writing, reading, tea-drinking. The weather had been peerless since their arrival at Montreux, and Madoline and Daphne spent the greater part of their lives out-of-doors. They were always together, Daphne rarely leaving the shelter of her sister's wing. She had become amazingly industrious, and had begun a tremendous piece of work in crewels, neither more nor less than a set of curtain borderings for the drawing-room at Hawksyard. Whenever she was not in her boat, skimming about the lake, she was toiling at a leaf or a sunflower, sitting on a cushion at Lina's feet, the sunny head bent over her work, the slim white fingers moving busily, the dark brows knitted in the intensity of her occupation. She was always intent upon finishing a leaf, or a stalk, or a petal, or on realizing the grand effect of a completed flower. She would sit till the last available moment before dinner, rushing off to dress in a frantic hurry, and re-appearing just as the subdued announcement of dinner was being breathed into Sir Vernon's ear. Edgar was filled with delight to see her so occupied. It seemed to him a pledge of future domesticity.

Mrs. Ferrers had written to her brother, informing him that as she had been all her life longing for a glimpse of Swiss scenery, and that as so favorable an opportunity had now presented itself for the gratification of that desire, she had made up her mind to come straight to Montreux by herself.

"It is a tremendous undertaking for one who has travelled so little," she wrote; "for you know, dear Vernon, how my devotion to Lina and your interests kept me a prisoner at South Hill during those years in which I should naturally have been seeing all that is worth seeing in this beautiful world. It is an awful idea to travel all the way from Warwickshire to Lake Leman with only a maid, but I feel that this is a golden opportunity which must not be lost. To be in Switzerland with you and dearest Lina will be a delight, the memory of which will endure all my life. It is quite hopeless to suppose that dear Marmaduke can ever travel with me beyond Cheltenham, or Bath, or Torquay. His health and his settled habits both forbid the thought. Why, then, should I not take advantage of your being in Switzerland to realize a long-cherished wish? I shall be no trouble to you; I do not ask you even to receive me under your roof, unless, indeed, you happen to have a spare room or two at your disposal. You can make arrangements for me and my maid to live *en pension* at one of those excellent hotels which I am told abound on the banks of the lake, and I can spend all my days with you without feeling myself either a burden or an expense."

"What are we to do, Lina?" asked Sir Vernon, when his elder daughter had read the letter. "Your aunt will be a terrible bore in any case, but I suppose she will be a little less of a nuisance if we put her out of the house."

"There are three spare rooms," said Lina. "It would be rather inhospitable to send her to a hotel. If she will not be any trouble to you, dear father—"

"Oh, she will be no trouble to me," said Sir Vernon; "I'll take care of that."

"Then I think you had better let me write, and ask her to stay with us."

"Ask her!" quoth Sir Vernon; "egad, she has asked herself."

The letter was written, and by return of post there came a gushing reply, announcing that Mrs. Ferrers had broken the intelligence of her departure to dear Marmaduke, who had borne the blow better than might have been expected, and who was amiably resigned to the loss of his wife's society during the ensuing six weeks. Is not a modern Anglican cleric bound to imitate in somewise the example of the early Christian martyrs? Fire or sword he is not called upon to suffer, nor to fight with wild beasts in the arena; but these small domestic deprivations are a scourge of the flesh which tend to exercise his heroic temper.

"Todd," said Marmaduke, in a fat and unctuous voice, "you must take particular care of me while your mistress is away. You know what I like, Todd, and you must make sure that I always have it."

Mrs. Ferrers arrived one sunny afternoon, with three Saratoga trunks, and the newest thing in sun-shades. She had a pale and washed-out appearance and generally exhausted air after her journey, and declared that she seemed to have been travelling since the beginning of the world.

"The dust, the heat, the glare between Paris and Dijon, I can never describe!" she protested as she sank into the most luxurious of the easy-chairs, which her eagle eye had detected at the first glance.

"Please don't try," said Gerald; "we went through it all ourselves."

"It was something too dreadful!" murmured Aunt Rhoda, looking so cool and lady-like in her pale gray cashmere gown and flounced Sicilienne petticoat that it was difficult to believe she had ever been a victim to dust and heat.

She was refreshed with tea and bread-and-butter, and looked round her with placid satisfaction.

"It is really very sweet," she murmured. "This villa reminds me so much of the Fothergills' place just above Teddington Lock—the lawn—the flower beds—everything. But, do you know, Switzerland is not quite so Swiss as I expected to find it."

"That was just what Daphne said," answered Madoline.

"Did she, really?" murmured Aunt Rhoda, looking across at Daphne, who was sitting idly by the low tea table, fidgeting with the flowers in a vase at her elbow. Mrs. Ferrers felt a little vexed with herself at being convicted of coinciding with Dapne.

"I suppose it is inevitable," she said, with a lofty air, "that a place of which one has read and dreamed all one's life, which one has pictured to one's self in all the brightest colors of one's own mind and fancy, should be just a little disappointing. It was tiresome to be told at Geneva that Mont Blanc had not been seen for weeks, and it was provoking to find the cabman horribly indifferent about Rousseau—for, of course, I made a point of going to see his house."

"And did you go to Ferney?" asked Daphne, eagerly. "Isn't it pretty?"

"My dear Daphne, you forget that I am a clergyman's wife," said Mrs. Ferrers, with dignity. "Do you suppose that I would worship at the shrine of a man who made a mock of religion?"

"Not of religion," muttered Gerald, "but of priestcraft."

"But you were interested about Rousseau," said Daphne. "I thought they were both wicked men—that there was nothing to choose between them."

"Voltaire's infidelity was more notorious," replied Mrs. Ferrers. "I should never have told Marmaduke that I had visited the house of an avowed—"

"Deist," interjected Gerald.

Hard pressed, Mrs. Ferrers was constrained to admit that she had never read a line written by either Voltaire or Rousseau, that she had only a kind of dictionary idea of the two men, so vague that their images might at any moment become confounded in her mind.

When she had reposed a little after her journey, and had seen the contents of the Saratoga trunks arranged in wardrobe and drawers, Aunt Rhoda showed herself a most ardent votary of the picturesque. She had a volume of Byron in her hand all day, and quoted his description of Leman and Chillon in a way that was almost as exasperating as the torture inflicted by a professional punster. She insisted upon being taken to Chillon on the morning after her arrival. She made Gerald organize an excursion from Evian to the mountain village above, at the foot of the Dent d'Oche, for the following day. She made them take her to the Rochers de Naye, to the Gorge du Chauderon; to Lausanne by steamer one day, to Nyon another day: she was always exploring the guide-books in search of excursions that could be managed between sunrise and sundown.

Sir Vernon, having settled himself in his study at Montreux, with books and papers about him, was just as much dependent for his comfort and happiness upon Lina's society as ever he had been at South Hill. It was out of the question that a daughter so unselfish and devoted could leave her invalid father day after day. Thus it happened that Madoline, in a manner, dropped out of the excursionizing party. Gerald could not be dispensed with—though he more than once declared in favor of staying at home—for nobody else was familiar with these shores, and Mrs. Ferrers protested that it would be impossible to go on without him.

"You all have your Baedekers," he argued, "and you are only going over beaten tracks. What more can you want?"

"Beaten tracks!" exclaimed Aunt Rhoda, indignantly. "I'm sure those pathways you took us up yesterday on the way to the Dent d'Oche had never been trodden upon except by the cows. And I hate groping about with my nose in a guide-book. One always misses the things best worth seeing. Do you think we could get on without him, Daphne?" she asked, in conclusion, appealing to her younger niece, to whom she had been all amiability ever since her arrival.

"I think we might manage without Mr. Goring," Daphne answered, gravely, with never a glance at Gerald. She had scrupulously avoided all direct association with him of late. "Edgar and I are getting to know Switzerland and Swiss ways wonderfully well."

"Have you ever been to the Gorge du Chauderon?" asked Aunt Rhoda.

Daphne confessed that this particular locality was unknown to her. She did not even know what the Gorge was, except that it sounded, in a general way, like a glen or ravine.

"Then how can you talk such arrant nonsense?" demanded her aunt, contemptuously. "What good could you or Edgar be in a place that neither of you have ever seen in your lives? You can't know the proper way to get to it, or the safest way to get away from it. We should all tumble over some hidden precipice and break our necks."

"Baedeker doesn't say anything about precipices," said Daphne, with her eyes on that authority.

"Baedeker thinks no more of precipices than I think of a country lane," answered Aunt Rhoda.

"I am sure Lina would like to have Mr. Goring at home sometimes," said Daphne. Gerald had strolled out into the garden while they talked. "Could we not get a guide?"

"I detest guides," replied her aunt, who knew that those guardians of the strangers' safety were expensive, and fancied she might have to pay her share of the cost. "Gerald may just as well be with us as moping here. I know what my brother is, and that he will keep Lina dancing attendance upon him all day long."

Mr. Goring went with them everywhere, and seemed nothing loath to labor in their service. He knew the ground thoroughly, and led them over it in a quiet, leisurely way, unknown to the average tourist, who goes everywhere in a scamper, and returns to his native land with his mind full of vaguest memories. He had to put up with a great deal of Aunt Rhoda's society during all these excursions, and was gratified with lengthy confidences from that lady; for Daphne was loyal to her faithful lover, and walked with him and talked with him, and gave him as much of her company as was possible. She talked of Hawksyard and her future mother-in-law, of the tenants and the villagers, the horses and dogs. She talked of hunting and shooting, of everything which most interested her lover; and then she went home in the evening so weary and worn out and heart-sick, that she was glad to sit quietly in the veranda after dinner, petting a tawny St. Bernard dog called Monk, a gigantic animal, who belonged to the house, and who had attached himself to Daphne from her first coming, with a warm regard. He was her sole companion very often in her boating excursions, when she went roaming about the lake in her light skiff, enjoying all the loveliness of the scene, as she could only enjoy it, in perfect solitude.

Daphne liked those quiet mornings on the lake, or a ramble among vineyards or orchards, with Monk for her sole companion, better than the formal pilgrimages to some scene made famous by the guide-books. Those excursions with her aunt and Mr. Goring and Edgar had become passing wearisome. The strain upon her spirits was too great. The desire to appear gay and happy and at ease exhausted her. The effort to banish thought and memory, and to take a rapturous pleasure in the beauty of a picturesque scene, or the glory of a summer sky, was becoming daily more severe. To talk twaddle with Edgar, to smile in his face, with that gnawing pain, that passion of longing and regret always troubling her soul, was a slow torture which she began to think must sooner or later be mortal.

"Can I go on living like this forever?" she asked herself, after one of those endless summer days, when, in the same boat, in the same carriage with Gerald Goring, lunching at the same inn, admiring the same views, treading the same narrow paths or perilous wooden foot-bridges, she had yet contrived to keep herself aloof from him. "Can I always go on acting a part?—pretending to be true when I am false to the core of my wicked heat, pretending to be happy when I am miserable?"

Daphne was very thankful when her aunt's active and insatiable spirit was fain to subside into repose; not because she was tired of sight-seeing, but simply because she had conscientiously done every lion within a manageable distance of Montreux. In her secret soul Mrs. Ferrers thought contemptuously of the bluest, biggest lake in Switzerland, and all the glory of the Savoy range. Had not these easily reached districts long ceased to be fashionable? Her soul yearned for Ragatz or Davos, St. Moritz or Pontresina, the only places of which people with any pretense to good style ever talked nowadays. It was all very well for Byron to be eloquent about Lake Leman or ecstatic about Mont Blanc, for in his time railways and monster steamboats had not vulgarized Savoy, and a gentleman might be rapturous about scenes which were only known to the travelled Englishman. But to-day, when every Cook's tourist had scaled the Montanvert, when 'Arry was a familiar figure in the skirts of the Great Glacier, who could feel any pride or real satisfaction in a prolonged residence on the Lake of Geneva? With all those subtle wiles of which a worldly woman is mistress did Mrs. Ferrers try to direct her brother's thoughts and fancies toward the Engadine. She reminded him how the fashionable London physician had lauded the life-giving, youth-renewing quality of the atmosphere, and had particularly recommended Pontresina, if he could but manage the journey.

"But I can't manage it, and I don't mean to manage it," retorted Sir Vernon, testily. "Do you suppose I am going to endure a jolting drive of twenty-four hours—"

"Fourteen at most," murmured Rhoda.

"A great deal you know about it! Do you think I am going to be carted up hill and down hill in order to get beforehand with winter on a bleak plateau, diversified with glaciers and pine-trees? It is absurd to suggest such a thing to a man in weak health."

"It is for your health that I make the suggestion, Vernon," replied his sister, meekly. "You can not deny that Dr. Cavendish recommended the Engadine."

"Simply because the Engadine is the last fad of the moneyed classes. These doctors all sing the same song. One year they send every one to Egypt, another year they try to popularize Algiers. One would suppose they were in league with Continental railways and steam companies. One might get one's nerves braced just as well at Broadway or Malvern, or on the Cornish Downs; one might get well or die just as comfortably at Penzance or Torquay. You quite ignore the trouble of a change of quarters. I have made myself thoroughly comfortable here; but if I were to go to the Engadine I should take only Lina and Jinman, and you would have to take Daphne home and keep her at the rectory till our return."

This was not at all what Mrs. Ferrers had in view. She had taken for granted that if she could induce her brother to go to the Engadine she would be taken, as a matter of course, in his train. He was a free-handed man in all domestic matters, though he very often grumbled about his poverty; and he would have paid his sister's expenses without a thought, if he were willing to endure her company. But it seemed that he was not willing, and that she had been unconsciously urging him to her own ruin. To have her Swiss experiences suddenly cut short, to have that audacious little flirt Daphne planted upon her for a month's visit! The thing was too horrible to contemplate.

"My dear Vernon," she exclaimed, with affectionate eagerness, "if you do not feel yourself equal to the journey, it would be madness to undertake it."

"Exactly my own idea. Please say no more about it," he answered, coldly. "I am sorry you are tired of Montreux."

"Tired! I adore the place. It is positively delicious. A little stifling, perhaps, in the heat of the day, but beyond measure lovely."

After this, Mrs. Ferrers never more spoke word about St. Moritz or Pontresina. She saw by last week's Society Papers that everybody worth talking about was taking his or her pleasure in that exalted region, but she only sighed and kept silence. The Society Papers ignored Lake Leman altogether, nor did they ever mention Mont Blanc. It seemed as if they hardly knew that such things existed. Their contributors all went straight through. Aunt Rhoda remembered how, many years before, when she had gone through the Trossachs, and had been full of enthusiasm and delight, and had gone home proud of her tour, her travelled friends had so scorned her that she had never again ventured to mention Katrine or Lomond, Inversnaid or the Falls of Clyde.

She settled down as well as she could to the domestic quiet of Montreux; the mornings and afternoons in the garden; the everlasting novels and poetry and crewel-work; Daphne and the St. Bernard sitting on the sloping grass by the edge of the water, or loitering about among the flowers. She bore this luxurious monotony as long as she could, and then she was seized with a happy thought which opened a little vista of variety.

She discovered, one sultry afternoon, that Lina was looking pale and fagged, and called her brother's attention to that fact.

"I don't wish to alarm you, Vernon," she said, as they were all sitting at afternoon tea on the lawn, in the shade of a magnificent willow, whose long tresses trailed in the lake, "but I believe if you don't give Lina a little change from this baking valley, she will be seriously ill."

"Pray don't say that, Aunt Rhoda; I assure you that I am perfectly well," remonstrated Madoline, looking up from her cups and saucers.

"My dear, you are one of those unselfish creatures who go on pretending to be well until they sink," replied Mrs. Ferrers, with an air of knowing ever so much more about Lina than Lina knew herself. "You are languishing—positively pining—for mountain air. Everybody is not created with the constitution of a salamander," she added, with a contemptuous glance at Daphne, who was sitting in the full glare of the afternoon sun; "and for anybody except a salamander, this place for the last three days has been almost intolerable. Dearly as I love you all, and delighted as I am to be with you, it has been only the idea of the dust and the heat of the railways that has prevented my going back to Warwickshire."

Sir Vernon looked uneasily at his beloved daughter. He had kept her a great deal about him; he had let her stay at home to bear him company when the others were breathing the cool air of the lake, or climbing into the fresher atmosphere of the hills; and now it slowly dawned upon him that his selfishness might have endangered her health. Rhoda was always an alarmist—one of those unpleasant people who scent calamity afar off, and are prescient of coming trouble in the hour of present joy; but it was true that Madoline was pale and languid-looking. She had a fatigued look, and her beauty had lost much of its bloom and freshness.

"Lina is not looking well," he said, glancing at her uneasily; "what can we do for you, dear?"

"Nothing, father," answered Lina, with her gentle smile. "There is nothing the matter."

"You told me this morning that you could not sleep last night," murmured Mrs. Ferrers.

"It was a very warm night," admitted Lina, vexed at her aunt's fussiness.

"Warm! it was stifling. This lake is at the bottom of a basin, completely shut in by hills," said Mrs. Ferrers, as if she had made a discovery. "I'll tell you what we could do, Vernon: I might take the two girls up to the hotel at Glion or Les

Avants. They are both very nice rustic hotels, clean and airy. A few days in that mountain air would pick Lina up wonderfully."

"Would you like to go, dear?" asked Sir Vernon, doubtfully.

"I should like it of all things if you would go with us," answered his daughter; "but I don't want to leave you."

"Never mind me, Lina. I can get on pretty well for a few days, sorely as I shall miss you. I suppose three or four days will be enough?"

"Ample," said Mrs. Ferrers, delighted at having gained her point. "We can ramble about and see everything that is to be seen in three or four days."

"So be it, then. Start as soon as you like. You had better send Jinman up at once to engage rooms for you. This is Monday: I suppose if you start to-morrow morning you can come back on Friday?"

"Certainly. Three days in that magnificent air will be quite long enough to make Lina strong," replied Mrs. Ferrers, assured that in three days she would have exhausted the pleasures of a lively hotel and picturesque surroundings.

"I wish you were coming with us, dear father," said Madoline.

"My dearest, do you think it would do me any good to have my old bones dragged up an almost perpendicular hill, and to put up with the indifferent accommodation of a rustic hotel? I am much better taking my ease here. The young men will want to go with you, no doubt."

"If you please, sir," answered Edgar.

Gerald Goring said never a word, but it was taken for granted that he meant to go. He and Madoline must, of course, be inseparable until that solemn knot should be tied which would make them one and indivisible for ever and ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROTECTION OF GAME.

Stanhope, in his *Reign of Queen Anne*, writes, "It may be said that in several of our English shires the rabbit is now the best ally of the English radical." The author refers to the English game-laws, and the difficulties of legislation. In the United States, the questions which arise in regard to the preservation of game are assuming major importance, and it becomes necessary to discuss them in a common-sense and impartial manner.

At the outset it must be acknowledged that with the social status of our people, accustomed as they have been to range over field and river, and trained to the use of arms, any ideas of differences of rank, station, or means, or of an exclusive class of people, who shall dictate as to the preservation of game, are quite foreign to our republican notions. In England, and all over Europe, from the time of the Norman conquest, and even before that, the pleasures of the chase were royal privileges. It was as much an infringement of the law for a man of low birth to launch an arrow at a stag as for him to lift his hand against his king. Old statute-books are full of barbarous penalties inflicted for hunting without royal permission. Such feudal laws were disregarded when the first Englishman set foot on American soil. It became a necessity that the settler should hunt in order to live. The deer in the forests, the birds in the thickets, the fish in the streams, gave the hardy pioneers the absolute means of subsistence; and to this very day in this vast country of ours a man's meat depends a great deal upon the existence of the *feræ naturæ* in his vicinity, or upon his address in capturing them. This freedom of the chase has been inherent, then, with our people. It has only been within the last forty years that proprietary rights to land, with such animals, birds, or fish as existed upon it, have been respected, and this has only been brought about under pressure of the laws.

With such an area of country as is included within the United States, it seems perfectly impossible that any scheme of general legislation in regard to the preservation of game can ever be brought about. This question has been seriously mooted, and has occupied the attention not only of sportsmen, but of scientific men. The limits of a State, though under peculiar geographical conditions holding within itself a certain species of the *Cervidæ*—that is to say, allowing the deer to be born and to attain adult form there—are exceptional. Deer have a wide range. It may be that accidental causes, such as want of food, brought about by severity of season, may drive the animals from one State to another. As to the game birds, it is unnecessary to dwell upon their migratory habits. Of game fish in our streams and lakes, if not anadromous, there would seem to be a limit as to locality; but then this very defining of place exposes them to be caught under two different actions of the law, because the rivers or lakes often form boundaries between two States, and laws are not identical. Looking, however, at the possibility of embracing large areas under similar game-laws, it has been argued that three sections should be constructed with identical laws—a northern, a middle, and a southern one. But when this plan is studied, its impracticable character is manifest, firstly, because it would be of little advantage to the creatures themselves, as their conditions would vary, but principally for the reason that no collection of State governments could ever be induced to pass such general laws.

Let us ask at the outset, What is the reason for passing a game-law? Referring to the Earl of Stanhope and his rabbits, and putting aside entirely any class differences, the natural reply is, that, with that conservatism which is due to common-sense, wild animals, birds, and fish must be protected at certain periods of the year, or there would be in time total extermination. Sportsmen, with scientific men, studying the habits of the *feræ naturæ*, ascertain as nearly as possible when reproduction takes place, and laws are passed protecting animals, birds, and fish at these peculiar seasons. Still, there are exceptions to this general law as to the season of reproduction. This is notably so in regard to fish. We catch every year shad and salmon. These fish never present themselves in the rivers but prior to that exact period when they are about to spawn. Nature undoubtedly meant that they should be used at this time, for then they are in their best condition, and, in fact, are to be caught at no other time. If legislation were to make laws protecting fish at this period, we should be deprived of a notable amount of valuable food. In cases of this character, the difficulty arises as to how long, during the period of reproduction, the fish shall be caught, and whether, in the midst of a legal time, or the open season, when they could be caught, there shall not be certain days when these fish shall not be captured. But there are even other embarrassments in the way of legislation in regard to game which often escape the attention of others than sportsmen. Two birds, both game birds, may overlap; that is to say, while one of the birds is in good condition to kill, another bird is quite young and puny, and both the adult and immature are to be found in precisely the same locality. Which of the two birds is to be sacrificed?

Another most important subject which is intervening to-day is the claim made on game as merchandise. It is not to be supposed that those who deal in game—a most important calling in the United States—are so wanting in common-sense as to ignore the fact that the wholesale destruction of game must in time utterly destroy their business. As business men they may have little sympathy with the general sportsman, who sees in the game he follows with gun and angle only a delightful amusement and relaxation. Game to the dealer, in a certain measure, is simply something to buy and sell. If he traffics in game on the sea-board, and receives a car-load of Minnesota venison killed at the proper season in that State, if it arrives in New York State during the close or prohibitory period, when it is unlawful to sell it, he does not understand why he can not dispose of it.

Of late on this peculiar subject there has been a great deal of excitement. Some of the most important sporting clubs in New York and Brooklyn have been discussing this peculiar phase of the business. We give the substance of two important sections of the law in regard to deer and trout. No one can kill deer in any part of the State of New York save only during the months of August, September, October, and November; nor can any one sell, or expose for sale, or transport, venison save during these months. To this there is a modification in Section 36 of the game-laws of the State of New York, which extends the period of sale for venison, but not the killing of it, up to the 1st of January. As there are many deer killed in the Northwest, and the difficulties of transportation to the sea-board are very great in winter, the proposition has been made to extend the sale of venison one month longer, until the 1st of February or March. This changing of Section 36 has met with violent opposition, because it is believed that, by prolonging the season for sales, the restrictions on killing deer both in the State of New York and along lines of the railroads in other sections of the country would be disregarded.

No one doubts this fact, that the best check on indiscriminate slaughter of game creatures depends on the absence of a market for such game. But here there certainly enter questions of law and constitutional right which are paramount to the laws of individual States. No matter what may be the opinion passed as to whether a longer selling season would materially diminish if not utterly destroy game, it is quite a problem to solve whether this the common-sense interpretation of the matter in dispute might not be right, after all. If venison is merchandise when killed in season in Minnesota, on its arrival in New York in July does it become worthless, and is its character as a merchantable article destroyed? The opponents of this movement have designated the endeavors which are being made to prolong the selling time as the "refrigerating amendment," from the fact that within the last few years methods of preserving food in an economical manner have come universally into use. We think that those who have been seriously alarmed about this proposed change of the present game-laws are unnecessarily frightened. It is a matter still in abeyance, has yet to receive the approval of many clubs, and awaits, if it does take positive shape, the indorsement of the Convention of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, which is to be held under the auspices of the Long Island Sportsman's Association some time in June next, and then would require the sanction of the Legislature.

In regard to the law on trout, Section 19 declares that no person shall kill or expose for sale speckled trout save only from the first day of April to the first day of September; any person violating any of the provisions of this section is deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each trout killed, exposed for sale, or had in possession. The same argument employed in regard to deer might be advanced for trout. Trout will rarely average in weight more than half of a pound, while a deer will weigh 140 pounds. Why should there be this great difference as to the penalty? If a dealer should have a large quantity of trout sent him from Canada, more than he can dispose of in the New York markets, must he throw away what is good food on the 1st of September? Could it not be put away in refrigerators for winter use?

A great many of these restrictions in regard to the selling of game will, we are afraid, find a solution in a manner quite unexpected either to sportsmen or dealers. No possible construction of the law would prevent venison in the Northwestern States from being cured, or put up as canned food, and thus sent into the market. If it were desirable to keep trout in this way, and there was money in it, its treatment would be similar. Such methods would be beyond the reach of the laws of any State where it was sold. But the disastrous effects on the game, if prepared in this way, would be worse than even the proposed lengthening of the selling season.

In this question of game protection, would it not be better for all persons concerned if more conciliatory efforts were made in settling this most difficult subject? Looking at it in a philosophical spirit, is it not perfectly evident that the interests of the hunter, the fisherman—he who follows the deer with his rifle, or sets his nets for the salmon—of the gentleman sportsman, of the angler, of the middle-man who sells the game, of the farmer who owns the land or controls the stream, are identical—that they all are anxious for the preservation of the game? It is, then, by no means impossible to imagine that with a fair and open discussion of the subject, all parties being represented, that the whole of this vexed business of game protection might not only be amicably settled, but to the great advantage of all concerned. If a course is, however, upheld by any one portion, to the detriment of the others, it is quite certain that in time popular opinion will have its way. Any tendency toward giving privileges to one set of men prejudicial to the interests of another class will be sure to result to the disadvantage of the game animals, birds, and fish of the United States.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is said that the characteristics of the æsthetic world, as caricatured in *Punch* and in two or three modern plays, will be utilized by Gilbert and Sullivan in their forth-coming operetta.

The London *World* wonders how any one can write such stuff as the American newspaper story that Sarah Bernhardt wears a girdle six hundred years old, which came from India, was for a long time one of the treasures of the British royal family, and was presented to the actress by the Prince of Wales because he was not pleased with the girdle she wore in the *role* of Adrienne Lecouvreur.

The eccentric King of Bavaria has a new whim. He fancies that he can not bear to see anybody, and his ministers read their reports to him from behind screens. When they have to witness his signature, their offensive Excellencies cautiously poke their heads around the corner.

In the Toronto General Hospital a man's leg was recently amputated by agency of galvanism. The usual incisions were made, after the patient had been etherized, and a platinum wire was circled around the leg, and brought to a white heat by connecting the ends with the poles of a battery. As the loop was drawn smaller, the wire cut its way rapidly, searing the wound so that only the larger arteries had to be taken up.

When the betrothal of a young lady in Boston society is announced, her gentlemen friends signify their congratulations by sending her bouquets and baskets of flowers. They call this "the latest fashionable Parisian whim."

Russian immigrants in Kansas use small brick-lined porcelain stoves in order to economize fuel, and Yankee ingenuity has devised a way of compressing prairie hay so that it serves excellently for fuel in these stoves.

When the celebrated Italian embalmer, Paolo Corini, died in Lodi not long ago, in great poverty, the state showed its appreciation of the fitness of things by giving him a magnificent funeral.

A fire burst out on the stage of the opera-house in Frankfort-on-the-Main in the course of a recent performance to a crowded house. The iron curtain was quickly run down, and the stage was drenched by working the apparatus for producing artificial rain. Panic was averted, and the building was saved.

A Representative in the Massachusetts Great and General Court was visited at his hotel in Boston by one of his constituents, an honest and plain-spoken fisherman from Cape Cod. A dozen other Representatives were in the room, and the fisherman was introduced to them with the explanation, "These are members of the Legislature."

"Is that so?" said the elector from the Cape. "Well, now I begin to understand the force of 'God save the Commonwealth.'"

Observation by the "professor" who arranged the programme for the Garfield inauguration ball: "I have noticed one thing among the leading politicians and prominent men—self-made men—and that is that but a few of them dance."

A woman who nearly perished in the snow-drifts in Kansas has described the sensation immediately preceding unconsciousness. A feeling of exquisite lassitude took possession of her, the air seemed like the balmy breath of spring, countless colored lights danced before her eyes, and she sank to sleep on downy pillows. She was resuscitated with great difficulty.

The man who leaps from the auditorium to the stage at the turning-point in the drama, and anticipates the courageous conduct of the hero by rescuing the heroine from the clutches of the heavy villain, is just now represented by a man named Eagan, who tumbled from a box in the Chicago Grand Opera-house, seized the uplifted arm of one of the characters of the play, who was about to brain a juvenile with an axe, and demanded that the wretch wait till the boy's father should come. In his apology to the managers, the man said that he was just in from Colorado.

A Canada showman secured two prominent figures in the recent Biddulph tragedy, and brought them before the villagers of Streetsville with the announcement that the services of these survivors had been secured at enormous expense. The big yellow poster said: "William Donnelly is a man of more than ordinary ability, and can interest his hearers with an account of the tragedy as no other man is capable of doing. Johnny Connors will also be heard with much interest." The feast of horrors was interspersed with the music of a Toronto Street harpist, and the antics of a pack of performing dogs.

It is published in England that a telegram has been received there from an American newspaper, addressed to "Mr. Davitt, care of her Majesty's government, Newgate," asking him to favor that newspaper with letters on the present outlook.

One of the prettiest scenes to be found anywhere in the metropolis is made by the hundreds of children who flock to Madison Square on a pleasant afternoon to enjoy roller-skating. The walks swarm with them, and the roar from Broadway is drowned by the sharp rattle of the box-wood rollers on the artificial flagging. The little girls are in the majority, and they would have the advantage in the matter of noise even if they were only equal to the boys in number; for the pleasure of roller-skating is a revelation to them, and they enter into it boisterously. The smallest skates are many sizes too big for the smallest of the little girls, and with each tiny foot strapped to a little truck almost large enough for her to lie upon, the mite of a skater presents one of the most ludicrous and at the same time pleasing spectacles imaginable, as she struggles to master the "outer edge." She seems to be in no danger of falling, for the weights strapped to her feet give her an appearance of the utmost stability.

THE GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

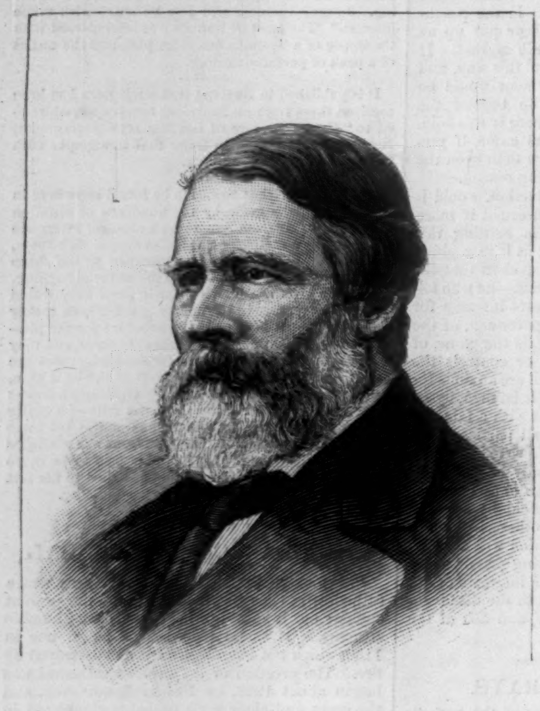
Previous to the twelfth century there was a cathedral in Glasgow, on the site of the present edifice; but it is said to have been a very humble structure. It was replaced by a larger one in 1136, which not long afterward was destroyed by fire. The erection of the present cathedral was begun about 1238, by Bishop Bondington, and the crypt and choir were probably completed in his time. Many years were consumed in building it. In 1277 the Lord of Luso, in consideration of a sum of money paid to him, made a grant of timber from his forests in Dumbartonshire for building a steeple and treasury. In 1400 this wooden spire was struck by lightning and destroyed. The erection of a stone structure to supply its place was immediately projected. The work was begun under Bishop Lander, and completed by his successor, Bishop Cameron.

There appears to be no means of determining when the nave was added to the choir and crypt, or when the massive and imposing square tower, which till recently stood at the northwest end of the cathedral, was commenced. It is certain, however, that the tower was of great antiquity. It was 120 feet high, and on each side near the top were two fine windows with rounded arches. On the southwest corner of the nave stood also, till recently, another important erection, in all probability coeval with the tower. This was the consistory house. It had been no doubt intended for a tower, but it was not carried up, and was finished with gables. In the ancient records it is called the library house of the cathedral. It was a highly picturesque building, supported by buttresses, and lighted on the south side by a variety of windows, square-headed and pointed. Both tower and consistory house were, apart from their antiquity, valuable as adding greatly to the beauty of the cathedral, and the first-mentioned was really essential to the proper balance of the structure.

Yet, incredible as it may appear, these interesting and important parts of the cathedral, both at the time in the most perfect state of preservation, were, within the last forty years, pulled down by order of a royal Commissioner of Works, under pretense of restoration and improvement! The early reformers at one time contemplated the entire destruction of the cathedral, and a day was set for their work of vandalism. But the crafts of the city assembled with arms in their hands, "swearing with many oaths that he who should cast down the first stone should be buried under it." The magistrates, who had undertaken the work, were compelled to yield; but they cited the leaders, and threatened them with punishment. The king, however, took the part of the crafts, and prohibited the ministers, who were the complainants, "to meddle any more in that business, saying that too many churches had been already destroyed, and that he would not tolerate any more abuses of that kind." Thus the magnificent building was saved by the zeal of the working class. Unfortunately, the royal commissioner experienced no such opposition when he ordered the demolition of the tower and consistory building.

The see of Glasgow was one of great dignity and influence, and its cathedral was held in very high reputation. The general jubilee proclaimed in 1450, on the termination of the great papal schism, was extended to Scotland, and penitential visits and offerings at the Cathedral of Glasgow were declared equally meritorious with those at Rome. The church was richly furnished with ornaments, jewels, and vestments, and its "library house" contained what was then considered an extensive collection of books. There were 165 volumes, many of them rare and expensive. Among them were several fine Bibles, a number of works in theology and philosophy, but very few of the classics.

The interior of the cathedral was enriched with many beautiful altars and sculptures. The windows were filled with painted glass, and the stalls were richly decorated. But all this disappeared at the time of the Reformation. The altars and their ornaments, the sculptures, the painted glass, were broken up and cast into the street. Some of the windows were roughly built up with stone to save the expense of glazing. The cathedral remained in a dilapidated state down to the beginning of the present century, when the work of restoration was begun. Unfortunately, it fell into the hands of men who, as already stated, destroyed some of the most interesting portions of the structure. It would better have been left to go to ruin.



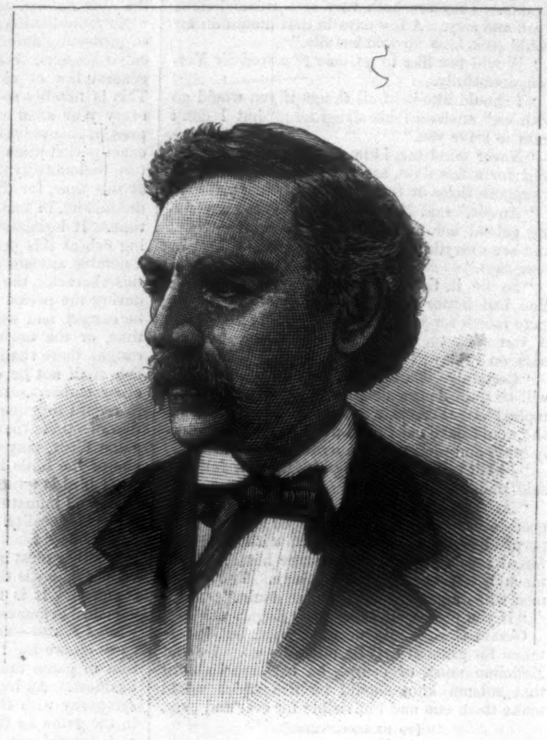
THE LATE IVORY CHAMBERLAIN.

THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Ivory Chamberlain, who died in this city on the 9th inst., was by common consent admitted to be one of the ablest editorial writers connected with the American press. From his first employment in that capacity on the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, five-and-twenty years ago, until a week preceding his death, his sole work had been the production of leading articles on the more important topics of the day. This was always to him the most congenial of employments, and for it he was most thoroughly equipped. It is scarcely too much to say that during his career on the *World* and the *Herald* his editorials were uniformly marked by a force and scholarship that have not been surpassed by those of any other American journalist. In private life he was greatly esteemed, and his associates were among those most eminent in the political, literary, and scientific affairs of the country.

SENATOR FRYE.

One of the places made vacant by the cabinet appointments was that of United States Senator from Maine. The Republican caucus held on the 8th inst. nominated Hon. William P. Frye by acclamation as the successor of Senator James G. Blaine. Mr. Frye was born in Lewiston, Maine, September 2, 1831. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1850, after which he studied and practiced law. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1861, 1862, and 1867; Mayor of Lewiston in 1866 and 1867; Attorney-General of the State in 1867, 1868, and 1869; and was elected to the Forty-second Congress and each of the following Congresses, including the present. He will bring to his new position a large experience in legislative work, and an indomitable energy that promises success.



W. P. FRYE, MAINE.—Photographed by Brady.

THE NEW CABINET.

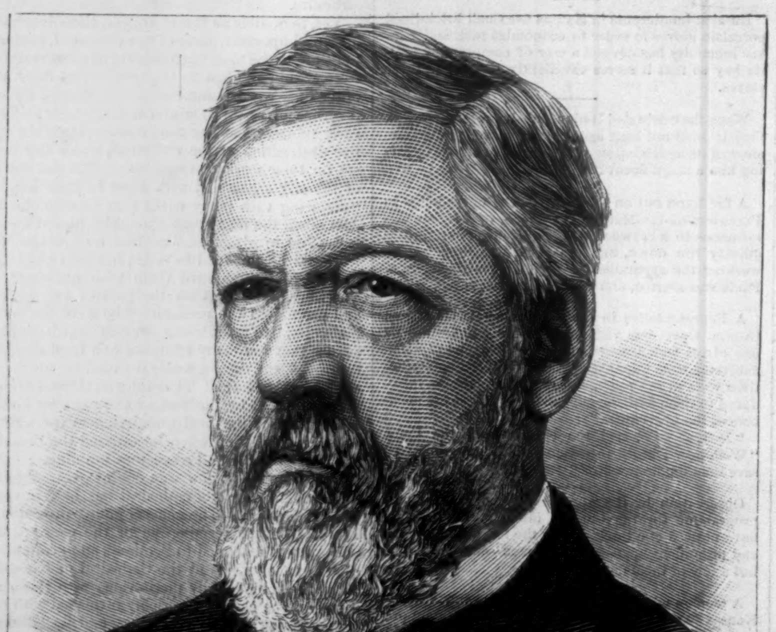
President Garfield's new cabinet, nominated on the 5th inst., was promptly confirmed by the Senate the same day, as follows: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Postmaster-General, Thomas L. James, of New York; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois; Secretary of the Navy, William H. Hunt, of Louisiana; Attorney-General, Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Interior, Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa. Thus it will be seen that New England gets the Secretary of State, New York the Postmaster-General, the South the Secretary of the Navy, and the West the three other places.

James Gillespie Blaine, the new Secretary of State, comes of good Revolutionary stock, his great-grandfather having been a colonel in the war of 1776. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth, a native of Union Township, Washington County, and is fifty-one years of age. In 1847 he was graduated with the first honors of his class from the College of Washington and Jefferson, in that State. Immediately afterward he went to Kentucky, and began his struggle with the world as Professor of Mathematics in the Western Military Institute at Blue Lick Spring. There he met Miss Harriet Stanwood, a Maine girl, who induced him to leave Kentucky, after two years' experience as a tutor, and go to Maine, the State which he has virtually led for so many years. Thither he went in 1853, and soon afterward married Miss Stanwood. He embraced journalism as a profession, and after a brief connection with the Portland *Daily Advertiser*, he settled in Augusta as editor of the *Kennebec Journal*. In 1858 he was elected by the Republican party a Representative in the State Legislature. He served during four sessions, and during the last two was Speaker of the House. He was first elected to Congress in 1862, and was subsequently re-elected until appointed Senator in 1876; was Speaker of the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses. In 1877 he was elected Senator, and was serving his first term when called to the cabinet.

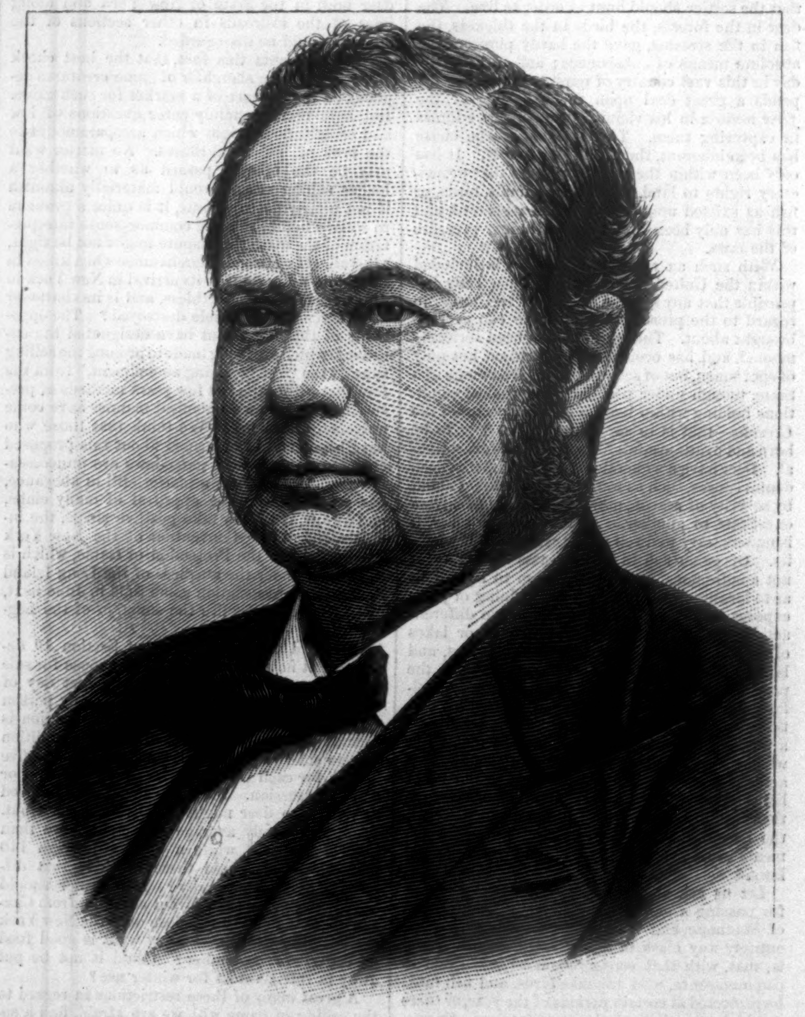
The Hon. William Windom, Mr. Sherman's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, is three years older than Mr. Blaine, and is a native of Ohio. His father was a pioneer, and his son was familiar with the hardships of frontier life. Young Windom received an academical education, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the bar. Two years later he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the county, a position which he held until 1855, when he removed to Minnesota. There he practiced law, and soon became one of the prominent leaders of his party in the State. In 1858 he was elected one of the two Representatives of the State in Congress, taking his seat in 1859. During this Congress he served as a member of the Committee on Public Lands, and also on the famous special Peace Committee of Thirty-three, which was formed after the election of President Lincoln. He was re-elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress, serving on the Committee of Public Expenditures; to the Thirty-eighth, serving as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and of the special committee to visit the Indian tribes of the West in 1865; and to the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. He retired from the House March 3, 1869, to devote himself to business, but on July 4, 1870, he was appointed by Governor Austin to fill the unexpired term in the United States Senate of Daniel S. Norton, who had died. In the following January he was elected by the Legislature for the full term of six years, and in January, 1877, he was re-elected for the term which will end March 4, 1883.

Thomas Lemuel James, who has been promoted from the office of Postmaster of New York city to that of Postmaster-General, was born in Utica, New York, and is fifty years of age. He was educated at the Utica Academy, but at the age of fifteen was thought old enough to begin to work for himself, and was apprenticed to a printer. He served a five years' term at the trade, and meanwhile wrote a number of articles for the paper edited by his employer. In 1851 he and the Hon. Francis B. Fisher bought the *Madison County Journal*, a Whig paper published at Hamilton. Ten years later he sold the *Journal*, and came to this city to take a position in the Custom-house. He began as an Inspector, and later was promoted to be Weigher. He was also Deputy-Collector of the Third Division for some years, and was a member of the first Civil Service Board at the Custom-house. He was appointed Postmaster by President Grant, and took the office on the 1st of April, 1873. Mr. James was re-appointed Postmaster by President Hayes in 1877. His term would have expired this month.

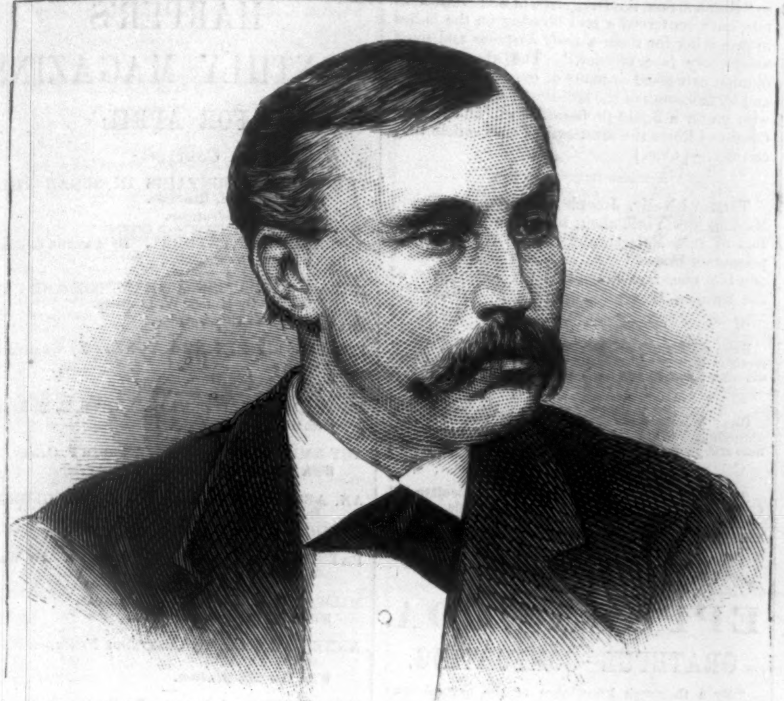
Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh was born in the little village of Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, April 19, 1833. He came of a vigorous and well-to-do Scotch stock, and in his youth displayed much aptitude for study. He was graduated from Yale College at the age of twenty, and three years afterward was admitted to the bar. His ability as a lawyer gave him a lucrative practice, while his eloquence as a political orator attracted attention. For three years he was District Attorney of Chester County, and served in the army during the war. In 1863 he was made Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee for both the Presidential and Gubernatorial cam-



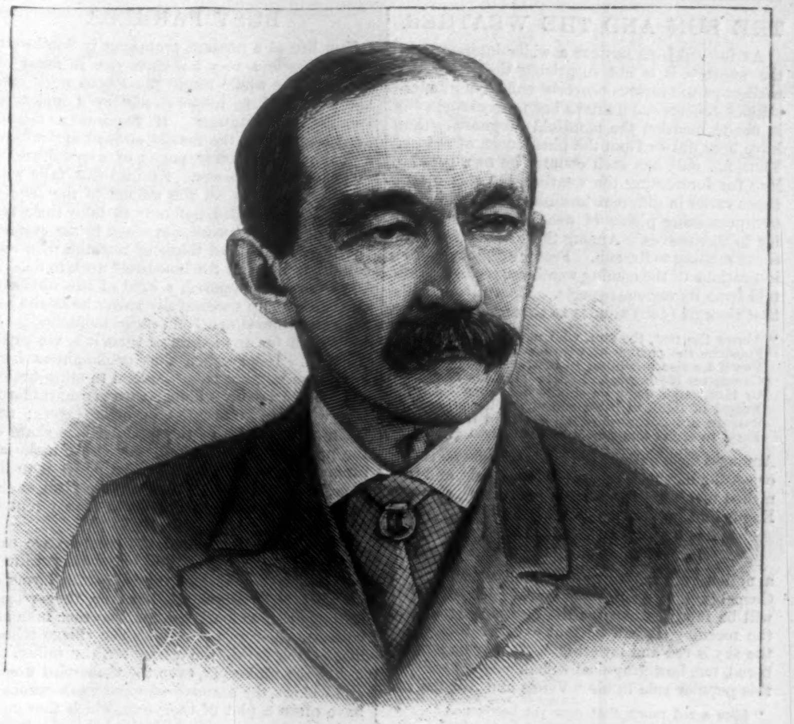
JAMES G. BLAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE.—Photographed by Pach.



WILLIAM WINDOM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—Photographed by Bell.



THOMAS L. JAMES, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

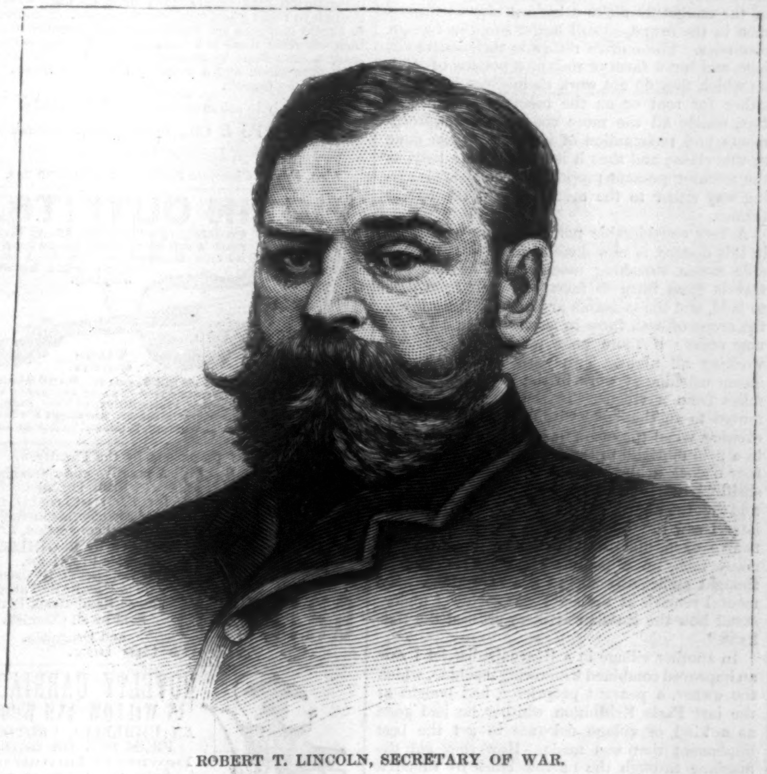


WAYNE MACVEAGH, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

paigns. President GRANT, in his first term, appointed him Minister to Turkey, and after two years' service abroad he returned home, and settled in Harrisburg, where he resumed the practice of the law, acting for some years as the counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In 1872 he was elected a Republican delegate to the Convention that framed the new State Constitution in that year. Mr. MACVEAGH, many years ago, married a daughter of the Hon. SIMON CAMERON, and though a brother-in-law of the present Senator, is not regarded as one of the CAMERON political clan.

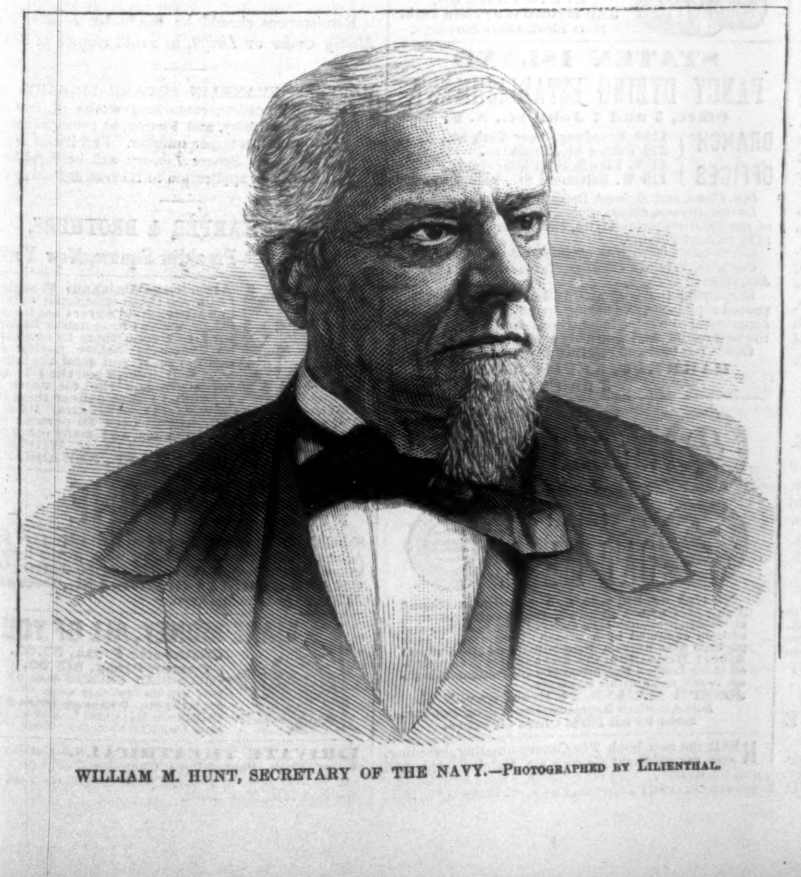
Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, the new Secretary of War, is the eldest son of the late President LINCOLN. He is a young man, not over thirty-eight years of age, and a lawyer by profession. He has never held any public position, but has studiously devoted himself to the practice of the law in Chicago, where he now lives. In general disposition Mr. LINCOLN resembles his lamented father, being modest and unassuming in his manner, and kind and courteous in his bearing toward all who are brought in contact with him. Those who know him best say he possesses talents of a high order, and that he combines those qualities which would make him a successful executive officer. His appointment has been received with favor all over the country. While Mr. LINCOLN is esteemed on account of his father, he is also respected by all who know him on account of his worth and ability. His wife is a daughter of ex-Senator HARLAN, of Iowa—a lady of many accomplishments, who is well known in social circles in Washington.

Hon. WILLIAM H. HUNT, the new Secretary of the Navy, is a native of South Carolina. When a boy he went to Louisiana with his father's family, and has lived there ever since. Previous to the war he was an old line Whig, and during the rebellion he was a stanch Union man. He is a lawyer by profession, and is one of the most effective and accomplished speakers in the South. He was attorney for Governor KELLOGG in his contest with MCENERY in the celebrated DURELL case. Judge HUNT was the candidate of the Republican party for Attorney-General in 1876, when PACKARD was elected Governor. The PACKARD government, however, having been overthrown, Judge HUNT was not permitted to occupy the office to which he had been chosen by a vote of the people. A few years ago he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Claims by President HAYES, which position he now holds. He has been a consistent Republican for a number of years.

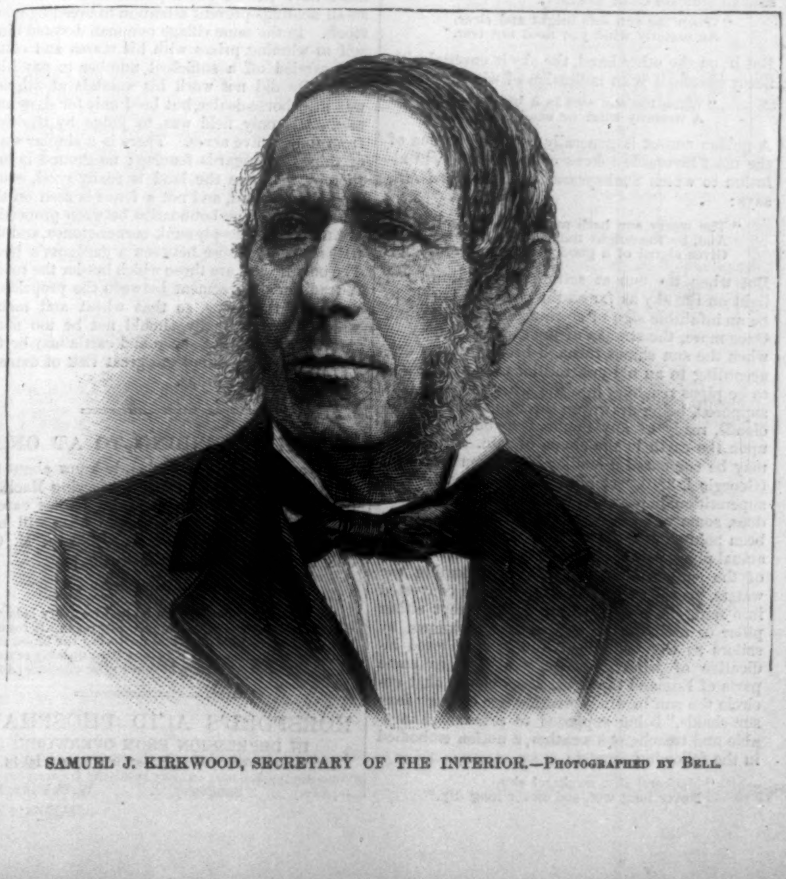


ROBERT T. LINCOLN, SECRETARY OF WAR.

Senator SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, Mr. SCHURZ'S successor as Secretary of the Interior, has been described as a "homespun man." He is regarded in Iowa with some of the same peculiar affection that was bestowed in Illinois upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whom he resembles both in his figure and his manners. His inexhaustible flow of good-humor and his countless anecdotes have delighted many Western audiences. He was born in Maryland in 1813, was educated in Washington, and in 1835 removed to Ohio, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He served two terms as Prosecuting Attorney of his county, and in 1850 was a delegate to the Convention that framed the present State Constitution. He went to Iowa to live in 1855, and was elected to the State Senate the next year. Sinee then he has spent a very active political life, and has been greatly honored and trusted by the people of his adopted State, who placed the highest confidence in his integrity and practical ability. He has been three times Governor of Iowa, and twice United States Senator from the same State. His removal from the Senate to the cabinet made a vacancy that has been filled by the appointment of Judge JAMES W. MCDILL.



WILLIAM M. HUNT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL.



SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

THE SUN AND THE WEATHER.

As few subjects possess a wider interest than the weather, it is not surprising that from the earliest period various proverbs embodying superstitious fancies should have been associated with it, not to mention the manifold prognostics that have been drawn from the phenomena of nature. Thus, not only has each country its own popular lore for forecasting the weather, but this oftentimes varies in different localities, different localities possessing pieces of weather-wisdom peculiar to themselves. Among the most curious are those relating to the sun. From time immemorial indications of the coming weather have been foretold from its various aspects. Thus Virgil, in his first Georgic (438) alludes to these:

> "Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
> Foretells the change of weather in the skies;
> For if he rise unwilling to his race,
> Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face,
> Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
> Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams,
> Suspect a drizzling day, and southern rain,
> Fatal to fruits and flocks and promised grain."

Amongst most nations the sun's redness on rising or setting has been regarded as ominous, and furnished materials for various proverbs. One old English adage informs us that

> "If red the sun begins his race,
> Be sure that rain will fall apace"—

a notion referred to by Christ in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakspeare speaks of this popular rule in his "Venus and Adonis":

> "Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened
> Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
> Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
> Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds."

And the familiar rhyme tells us how

> "Sky red in the morning
> Is a sailor's warning."

In Milan we are told, referring to Continental observations, that "if the morn be red, rain is at hand"; and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as the former is unlucky, "a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight," and, according to a saying formerly very current in England,

> "The evening red, morning gray,
> Is a sign of a fair day."

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, a Scotch one being as follows:

> "The evening red and the morning gray
> Is the sign of a bright and cheery day;
> The evening gray and the morning red,
> Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

There is a prevalent notion that if a change of weather occurs about the time when the sun is crossing the meridian, it will be for twelve hours at least. The proverbs relating to the sunset are even, perhaps, more numerous than those associated with sunrise, every aspect being supposed to denote the coming weather. Thus Shakspeare, in *Richard II.* (ii. 4), referring to a popular belief, tells how

> "The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
> Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest."

And when, too, it sets like a ball of fire, it is said to have "water in its eye." Again, a pale sunset is a bad sign, if we may believe the rhyme:

> "If the sun goes pale to bed,
> 'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said."

A hazy sunset, too, is equally unsatisfactory, for we are told that "when the air is hazy, so that the solar light fades gradually, and looks white, rain will most certainly follow." When, however, at the time of sunset there is a clear sky, it is said to indicate calm weather:

> "When the sun sets bright and clear,
> An easterly wind you need not fear."

But if, on the other hand, the sky is covered with fleecy clouds, it is an indication of wind:

> "When the sun sets in a bank,
> A westerly wind we shall not lack."

A golden sunset is generally regarded as one of the most favorable tokens of fine weather, in allusion to which Shakspeare, in his *Richard III.*, says:

> "The weary sun hath made a golden set,
> And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
> Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow."

But when the sun at setting casts a lurid red light on the sky as far as the zenith, it is said to be an infallible sign of storms and gales of wind. Once more, the streaks of light occasionally seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are, according to an old superstitious fancy, believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, the water, it is supposed, being drawn up through them into the clouds, ready at any moment to be discharged upon the earth in the shape of rain. With this may be compared a similar idea given by Virgil (Georgic I. 380), "et bibit ingens arcus." This superstition, however, is curious, containing, as it does, some vestiges of truth. Although, as has been pointed out, the streaks of sunshine are no actual pipes, yet they are, at any rate, visible signs of the sun's action, which, by evaporating the waters, provides a store of vapor to be converted into rain. A species of rainbow, without either pillar or arch, having only a base, is known by sailors as the "sun-dog," and is considered indicative of windy, squally weather. In some parts of England the light, fleecy clouds that encircle the sun in windy weather are called "foxy sun-clouds," being supposed to presage changeable and treacherous weather, a notion embodied in the following couplet:

> "Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
> Never long wet, and never long dry."

BUSY FARMERS.

The life of a peasant proprietor in Southwestern France is a very laborious one in many respects. The whole family must both work hard and live hard to make it pay even under favorable circumstances. It requires a minute knowledge of all the details of local agriculture, a looking after every penny of expenditure, to make it really answer. And all this falls with peculiar hardship on the women of the family. They are compelled not only to take their full share of the field work, but when in the evening the men return and think of rest, the wife and daughters have all the household work to do. It is, as may be supposed, a kind of life which no one can take up successfully unless he or she has been accustomed to it from earliest childhood. If broken off for any length of time, it is not easily resumed. Hence when sons or daughters from any cause migrate from the land to other trades, they comparatively seldom return to peasant farming, whether as proprietors or métayers; and when at the death of the parents their share of the property falls to them, they either make arrangements to sell or mortgage, or let it to the member of the family who keeps the farm, or else on the métayer system, or for a money rent to others.

Once they have tasted the comparative ease and (shall we say?) civilization of artisan life in the towns, they seldom return to the farms as working proprietors. If, however, they remain in the parish as local artisans, they then take and cultivate their own portion. The village schoolmaster, the smith, the carpenter, the miller, the baker, the innkeeper, even the unmarried women and widows, the seamstresses and washer-women, have often a plot of their own, which they cultivate at odd moments, with the help of relatives and neighbors. Thus practically nearly every village artisan and petty shop-keeper is a farmer in some shape or other. Again, a certain number of the emigrants make a little money as tradesmen in the towns, or still larger sums in foreign countries. These often return to their native village, and buy a farm or reclaim a portion of land, on which they do not work themselves, but let it either for rent or on the métayer system. In fact, nearly all the more considerable improvements and reclamation of land have been done by this class; and thus it is that in some districts the working peasant proprietor seems slowly giving way either to the métayer or to the tenant farmer.

A very considerable portion of the threshing in this district is now done in the fields by portable steam threshing machines. The machine travels from farm to farm, or rather from field to field, and the peasants arrange for it to thresh the crops of each farm in succession and in regular order; if there be a moon, they continue working all night. Two years ago I passed a steam machine at work in the fields about four miles from a village. In the afternoon it had moved to another field within sight; late in the evening, when the moon was full, it was stationed in a field opposite to the inn; and about three or four o'clock in the morning I was awaked by the shrill "Irrinz!" the Basque cry of triumph, which told that the night's work was done. A few hours later I saw the same machine being dragged by twelve oxen, and held on the outer side by as many men, up a mountain path which I had thought sufficiently steep for a man alone. My mental remark at the sight was, "Now I understand how the Russian artillery crossed the Balkans."

In another village in a Béarnais district I saw an improved combined winnowing machine, which the owner, a peasant proprietor, had bought at the last Paris Exhibition, whither he had gone as a kind of village delegate to get the best implement that was made. How they got the machine through the narrow lanes by which it must have passed was a puzzle to me. Nor do small holdings prevent attention to breeding good stock. In the same village one man devoted himself to winning prizes with his mares and colts, and carried off a sufficient number to pay him well. He did not work his animals at all, nor was he a horse-dealer, but bred only for show and sale. His only field was, to judge by the eye, from four to five acres. There is a similar state of things as regards fencing; no ground is lost thereby. Where the land is really good, every inch is cultivated, and not a fence is seen on the arable land. The boundaries between properties are marked by deeply sunk corner-stones, and the paths are like those between a gardener's beds. The only hedges are those which border the roads. A traditional agreement between the proprietors regulates the crops, so that wheat and maize, which ripen unequally, should not be too much intermixed, and that sheep and cattle may be fed on the stubble without too great risk of damage to the neighbor's crops.

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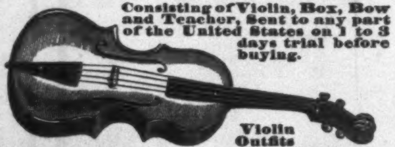

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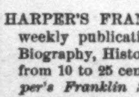

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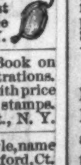

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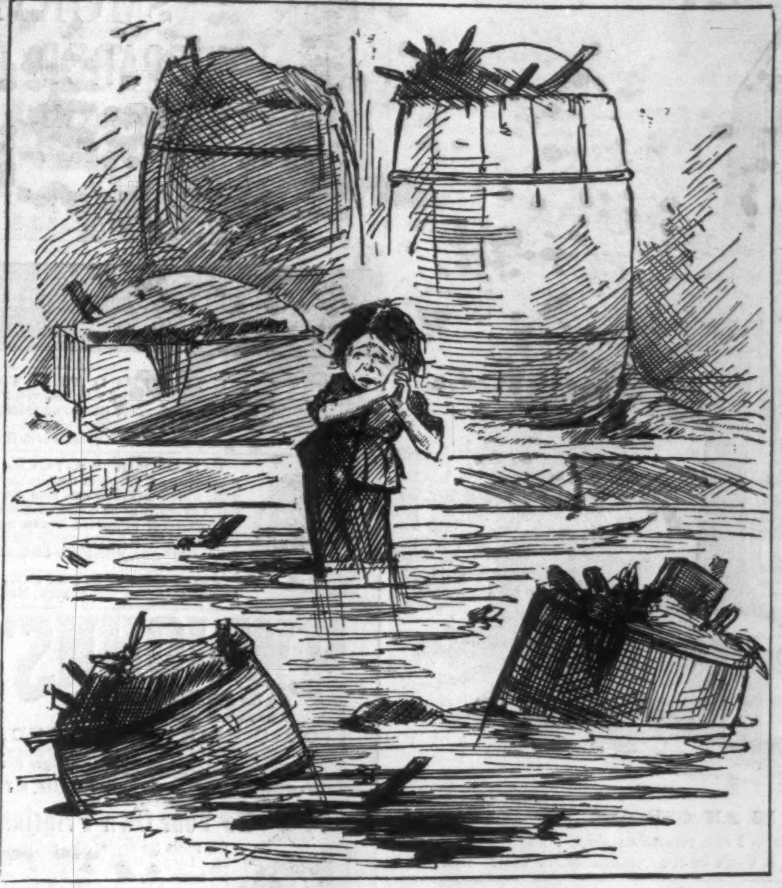

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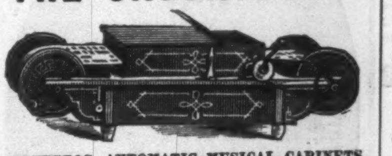

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